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EVE'S WEEKLY

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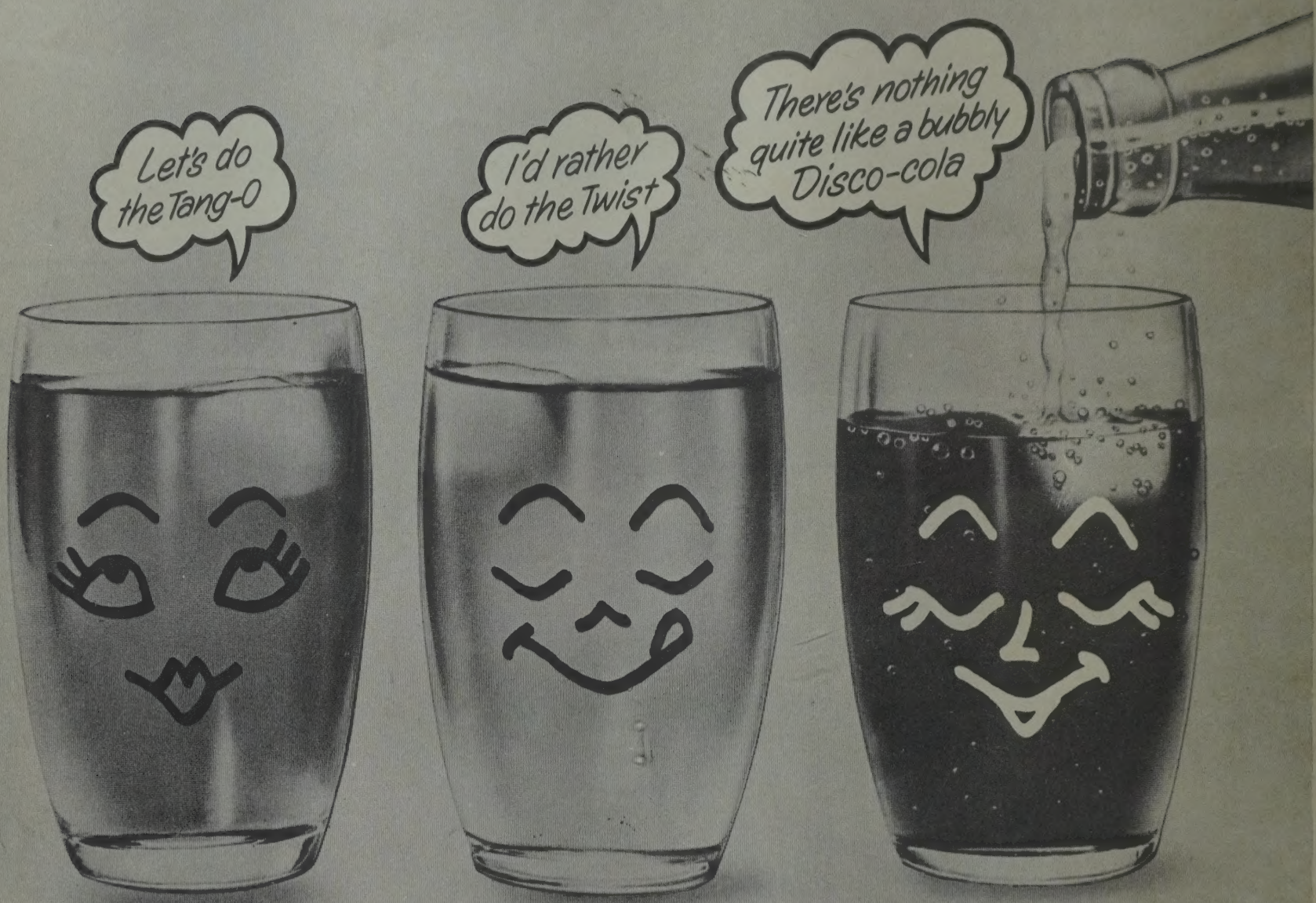
TWO BREAD-WINNERS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

HOW GOOD ARE OUR ELECTRICA APPLIANCE A CONSUM AWARENE FEATURE

A LEAF FROM A HOUSEWIF DIARY

Now Rasna serves up three new taste treats you'll want to repeat



Orange Tang | **Lemon Twist** | **Bubbly Cola**

Serve with SODA only

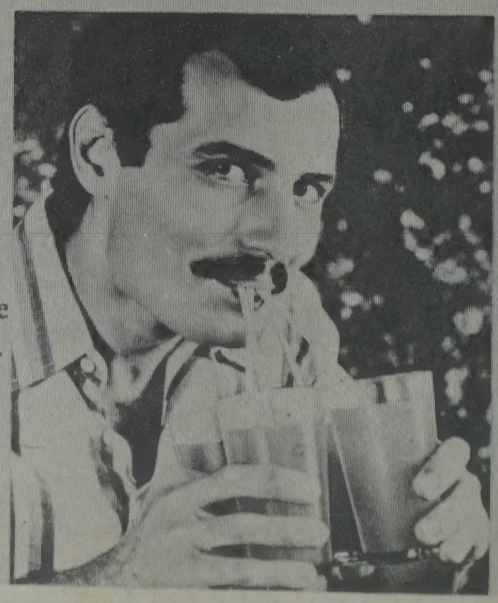
OBM/4474

Rasna Orange Tang and Lemon Twist: laced with an all-new racy taste. A little tangy. And sweet'n sour.

Also, Bubbly Cola: Top it up with SODA and you've got a delicious drink that bubbles over with good taste.

Each clever little pack of Rasna makes 2 whole bottles of syrup...enough for 32 generous glasses.

So easy to make: Just mix Rasna with water and add sugar.
So easy to serve: Have Rasna Orange Tang or Lemon Twist with water or fizz it up with soda... Gulp, gulp! Add only SODA to Rasna Bubbly Cola and serve up instant fun... delicious!



Rasna soft drink concentrate
the one drink you can be generous with

Kunda Nadkar, ex-diplomat's wife.
Who's invitee lists read like a "Who's who."
Perfectionist maestro of the haute cuisine.
She embellishes her table with Noritake
and Wedgewood china, Waterford crystal...
and definitely Steuben candlesticks.

When I want an ice-bucket, here's just one brand I buy

because:
I want the ice to be retained longer.
I want it to look elegant.
I want my money's worth
I want to buy the best.

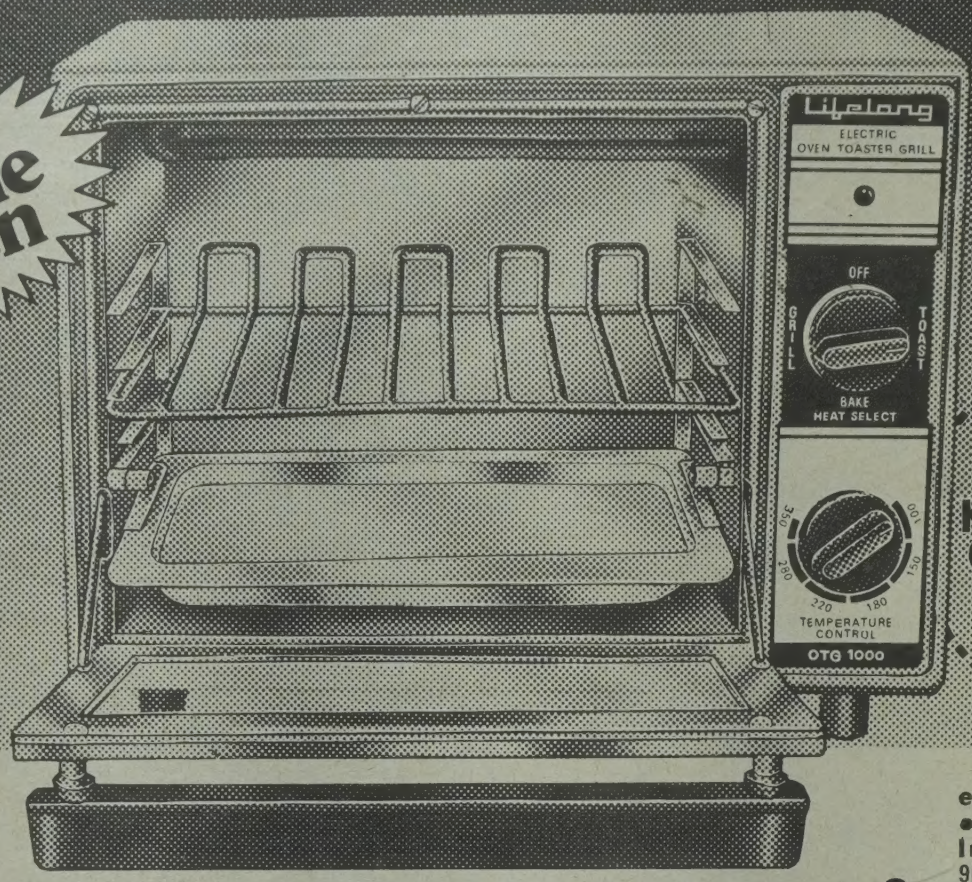
"I trust Brite"

Don't just buy plastic. Buy *Brite*

Triple function of a single unit.

"Bake a Chocolate Cake, Toast a Cheese Sandwich, Grill a Masala Chicken."

all in one oven



NO MODERN KITCHEN IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE

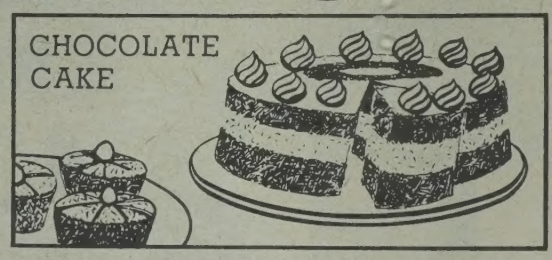
'Oven-Toaster-Grill'

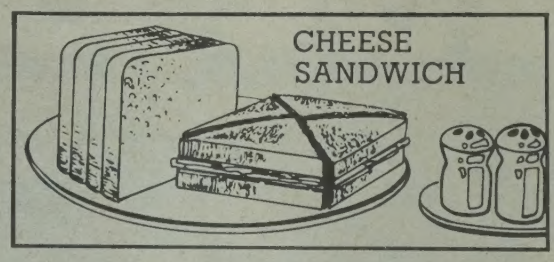
Lifelong OTG 1000—a super three function appliance in one is an answer to your day-to-day desire for preparing variety of dishes for your family.

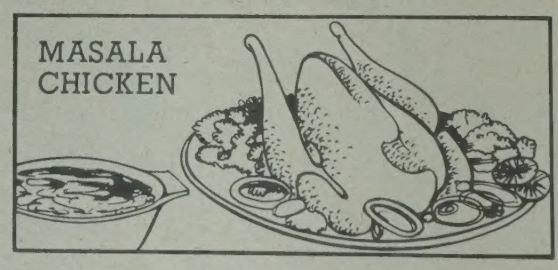
You'll find it of great kitchen help and of instant use, especially when you've to treat a large number of guests.

Sleek and functional, the Lifelong OTG 1000 is more practical in use for its purposeful features. . .

1. With dial to select temperature upto 350°c. You can adjust and thermostatically control the heat for individual requirement of each item you cook. Also facilitates browning to the stage required.
2. A glass see-through front to observe the goodies being cooked.
3. Putting-in & Taking-out food is much easier with the use of drop-down front that pulls out the tray & grill automatically.
4. Choose any of the three rack support as required.







Just for a trial, treat yourself with each – function – recipe. . .

• CHOCOLATE CAKE

Ingredients: 200 gms. flour, 90 gms. butter 90 gms. sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanila essence, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 slab cadbury milk chocolate, little milk and a pinch of salt.

Method: Mix flour & salt and rub in the butter. Mix well the remaining ingredients. Bake for one hour in OTG at 220°c. When cool, garnish with bits of Cadbury Gems.

• CHEESE SANDWICH

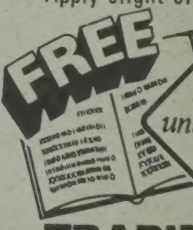
Ingredients: 50 gms. Amul cheese (grated), ½ teaspoon salad oil (optional), 25 gms. Amul butter and bread slices.

Method: Butter the slices lightly and sprinkle it with grated cheese. Toast it for 3 minutes on grill wire. Remove immediately while cheese starts bubbling. Do not wait for browning of crust. Serve it hot with tomato sauce.

• MASALA CHICKEN

Ingredients: 1 chicken, ¼ cup curd, 1 teaspoon garlic & ginger juice, 2 teaspoons onion juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon red chilli powder, ½ teaspoon red colour powder, 1 teaspoon jeera powder, 1 teaspoon vinegar, ½ lime and one tablespoon oil.

Method: Wash and insert deep cuts in the flesh. Mix all the ingredients and rub the mix well over the chicken. Let it remain for one hour on the wire grill to drip. Then insert it in OTG and allow it to grill for 25-30 minutes at 350°c. Apply slight oil or ghee in between.



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MAKHIJA TE 803

EVE'S WEEKLY

VOL. XXXIV NO. 18 BOMBAY

MAY 3 — 9, 1980

THIS WEEK

DOWN MEMORY LANE

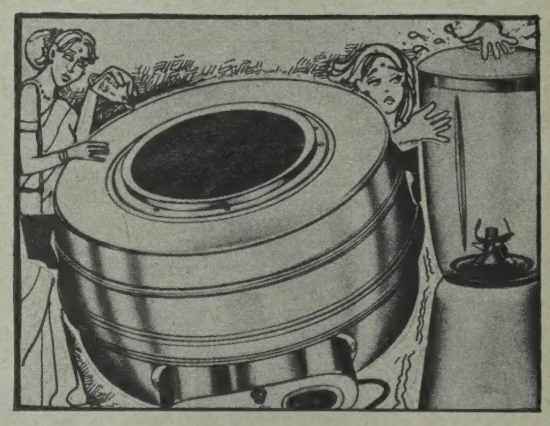
"Long ago the angel of childhood kissed me and went." Well-known personalities talk about their childhood.
Page 10.

THE SECOND INCOME

Husbands and wives are now more than ever sharing the role of bread-winner. And, as a result, they have more bread to go around!
Page 15.

ELECTRICAL HEADACHES

How good are the electrical appliances available on the market? Do they pass strict quality control tests or is the consumer expected to be the guinea-pig? A Consumer Awareness feature.
Page 52.



A HOUSEWIFE'S DIARY

If you think you're going to read about a bored suburban housewife and her torrid afternoon affairs, you're in for a disappointment, says this self-styled "has-been".
Page 41.

ALSO

Kitchen Gardening: VII — **Page 25** Crafty Items: From the new Craft Centre, Bombay — **Page 26** Creative Photography: IX — **Page 29** Eve Today: Usha Bhatt — **Page 32** Women in Focus : Mira Balasubramaniam and Bina Sanghi — **Page 45** Film Interview : Rishi Kapoor — **Page 47.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Short Story/**19**, Comics/**23**, Fashion/**30**, Cookery/**34**, People Known and Unknown/**39**, True Confession/**48**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People and Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58.**

Cover :
MEENAKSHI ANAND

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CHAIRMAN & MG. DIRECTOR
J. K. SOMANI

PUBLISHER & CHIEF EXECUTIVE
J. C. JAIN

EDITOR
GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR
AMMU JOSEPH

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SUB EDITORS
CHAKRESH JAIN
MALA VAISHNAV
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ART DIRECTOR
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DESIGNERS
NARGIS CHAWLA
VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

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CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

TAKING OVER

Recently acts of vandalism and hooliganism have caused damage to buses, window-panes, electrical fittings and furniture on the college campuses. Who were these hooligans? None other than the students of women's colleges in Madras, which should make anybody hang down his head in shame. To prevent further loss of property, the state government has ordered the closure of all colleges in the city. Granting that they have grievances against the institution, is this the way to seek redress by a show of muscle and brawn like a common hooligan? Or do they believe this to be the modus operandi of the liberated woman? Another disturbing factor is that there has been a noticeable increase in the incidence of crime among women. Latest statistics show that women are not far behind men in cheating, pickpocketing and other crimes. Then there is the age-old trade of prostitution; the call-girl racket is a flourishing business in our country. One would be surprised at the number of young women from the upper classes who are involved in this racket out of sheer devil-may-care attitudes.

The irresponsible and nefarious activities of a few vitiate at one stroke all the efforts put in by so many towards women's liberation. Men say with biting sarcasm: "Yes, all this is the result of Women's Lib!"

MISS E. DHAMAYANTHY DEVASUNDARAM, Madras

As with most other issues today, it might be the media which have given the impression that women are overtaking men in crime. We feel this is a gross exaggeration. It has become fashionable to foist all lapses on the part of women, on Women's Lib — a term which has become a veritable "whipping boy".

2nd PRIZE

COWED DOWN

Who is to blame for this unnecessary social evil? The British, who by their arrogant manner, inadvertently instilled a feeling of inferiority among the Indians? Or we, who after being educated, fail to enlighten, and explain the meaning of equality to our village brethren?

Some time ago, I boarded a II class compartment at Satara. I dreaded the journey to the next halt, as I anticipated a compartment jampacked, with place neither to stand nor breathe. To my surprise, there was a whole long bench unoccupied. Huddled on the floor, near the lavatory, were a villager, his wife, and two sons aged eight, and ten, or thereabouts. Twice, other occupants of the compartment went to the lavatory, causing much inconvenience to the rural group squatting near the door. Aro-

The ticket collector also boarded the compartment with me. I felt sorry for the village family, sitting so meekly, believing they were all going to be offloaded at the next station for ticketless travel. To my astonishment, they all had the correct tickets — two full and two halves. It took a great deal of persuasion to convince them that they were entitled to sit on the seats provided, and that they were not reserved for only "bada sahabs", as they kept repeating.

MRS. GEMMA M. D'CUNHA, Pune

It is shameful — and also infuriating. That, we should — at this stage when we are known as a free people in a democratic country — be in a situation like this is sad, to say the least.

3rd PRIZE

FEELING INFERIOR

Almost everyday I take a magazine to read from a circulating library and very often I have come across articles where women have been made to feel small, or a widow remarriage looked down upon and the couple shunned. Or a true confession where a woman tells her tale of either getting raped or being ill-treated by the husband and in-laws or about a film hero's wife looking submissive, with quiet patience, and the husband flirting around with various females. Mind you, all these concern only the educated. So the question is where and what happened to the "Womens Lib", that was the talk of the town? No doubt women have equalled with men in all spheres of life, but a woman still feels that man is superior to her. However much educated a woman may be, she is always submissive. In my opinion the age-old custom and tradition will remain with us for ever — and it should, to maintain our Indian culture.

MRS. SHOBHA BAILUR, New Delhi

Maybe you are reading the "wrong" kind of magazines? Have you not been able to locate any women's magazines which take up important human issues and talk about them in depth, and with understanding. There is much more to concerned, dedicated magazines than just romantic stories and knitting patterns.

NOISE-MAKERS

No single factor has, to my mind, contributed so largely to sound pollution as the transistor. This simple, handy gadget now well within the reach of many, can be seen, or rather heard, in just about any place, the remotest village not being exempt. The acquisition of a transistor unfortunately seems to bring out the worst in us — total unconcern of the needs and comforts of others.

I recently read a notice in a Nursing Home urging transistor users to keep down the volume and to turn off the instrument by a reasonable hour at night. One would hardly imagine it would be necessary to make such a request. It's just gross lack of civic sense, coupled with inconsideration.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

We'll soon be talking about this ear-shattering subject — and many others of its ilk — in our Special Issue on Environment. Do watch out for it. And yes, this lack of civic sense which pervades every area of our life today, is something to contend with.

FORGOTTEN WORDS

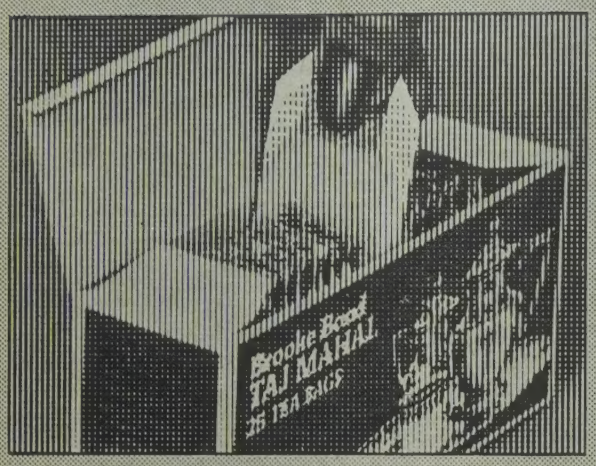
When I was in school one of my classmates was a great fan of mine because I always stood first in class and was very good at sports. She had written in my autograph book: "Friendship is a golden knot Which angels tie together And if we fail to meet again Let's not forget each other". We lost touch with each other. Both of us went on for higher studies and later got married. Sometime back, while glancing through Eve's Weekly, I came across my lost friend whose letter was published therein. I was so happy, and having got her office address (again through your magazine), I wrote to her so eagerly, thinking that she, too, would feel the same. But the proud dame seems to have forgotten me! No reply from her. I wonder what significance those beautiful words had for her.

MARIE LOU SRIVARAN, New Delhi

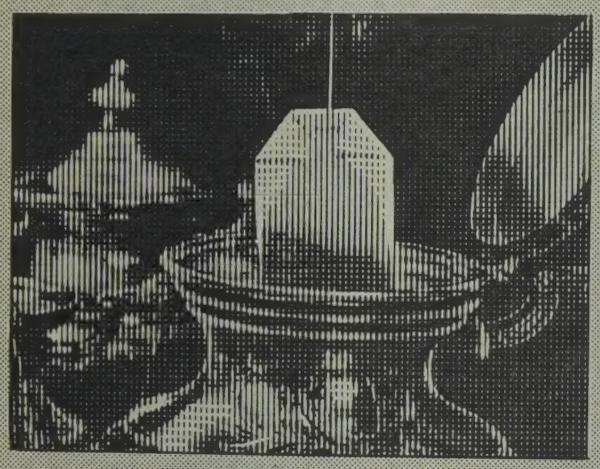
Be kind, be understanding. She may have her problems, she may not have received your letter — there could be so many reasons. And, then, she had implied, with those beautiful words, that "not meeting" would not amount to "forgetting"... so, be kind.

Brooke Bond presents

a great new way to good tea



just pick...



and dip.

Mmm!

No more strainers, or messing with used leaves nor washing up afterwards. Taj Tea Bags, a simple, tidy and stylish way to make tea, good tea whose strength can be matched to individual taste. Plus a waste-free means of keeping check on how much tea you use. And of course the Brooke Bond promise to make every cup a joy.

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Taj Mahal
Tea Bags

Good tea. Made simply.

Available in select towns only.

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

HELP FOR THE HANDICAPPED

With reference to the Human Interest Story (March 15), I would very much like to congratulate you on it. But I would also like to point out that mere will power and self confidence is not always enough for a handicapped person to come up and shine in his life. "Luck" plays an important role. I have seen several cases of intelligent physically handicapped persons gifted with several talents who remain unrecognized in spite of their unlimited struggle. Inspiration from family members is also very necessary. And, further, establishment of institutions for the welfare of the handicapped is needed. This requires government attention.

INDU SODHA, Baroda.

DRIVE FOR LITERACY

With reference to the article, "The NAEP A Year Later" (March 15), by Jaya Ramanathan, what a pity that "the biggest literacy drive in the world" seems to have flopped except in a few states like Maharashtra. Articles like this will make the other states realise that unless they follow the latter's example, illiteracy and ignorance will continue to curb progress. The S.N.D.T. University has demonstrated that educated young people can play a major role in this context, so it is up to other universities to follow their lead, especially in directing their efforts towards eradicating illiteracy in women, for a literate mother will make her children read and write too.

B. G. R. LEELAVATHY, Secunderabad.

THE BUCK STOPS HERE

Jaya Ramanathan's article: "Dowry: The Evil Continues" (March 29), was thought-provoking. She concludes that the only participant in the marriage process who can end this vicious practice of dowry is perhaps the boy himself. I would say that the only hope of ending this humiliation to womanhood rests on the girl herself. Unless she boldly refuses to marry the boy whose family insists on a dowry, this practice will continue in one form or another. And she will acquire this boldness with increased education and awareness, and sufficient economic independence. She will then be able to assert her individuality and fight for her self-respect and proclaim to the world that in the bargain that we so falsely term "marriage" she is not a mere commodity to be sold. Even if one concedes that an age-old custom can not be uprooted overnight, one can make a beginning.

AMINA AMIN, Ahmedabad

NO COMPROMISES

The colour photograph of Deepti Naval (March 29) made the charm of this vibrant newcomer come alive. All praise to her for adamantly refusing to be typecast. If more stars refused to compromise with their principles, as she does, the Hindi film might break free from the stranglehold of the formula pattern which has been preventing meaningful progress.

B. KRISHNAKUMARI, Hyderabad

READERS, PLEASE NOTE

1. Your letters must be no more than three issues old. If you are reacting to an article in the current issue (May 3), your letters should reach us by May 24. This gives you three weeks lead time.

2. Letters must mention the name of the article, the writer's name and the date of the issue in which the article was published.

3. Letters must be no more than 150 words long.

Unless these requirements are complied with, letters will not be considered for publication.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MAY 10

WAS J.P. A MALE CHAUVINIST?

What were his views on women and their condition in society? A study of this barely documented aspect of Jayaprakash Narayan.

TO MARRY OR NOT TO

Women with years of experience talk about marriage and singlehood, and whether they regret their decisions to marry or to remain single.

WHO'S THE FATHER?

This and many other tricky questions might soon find an answer through the H.L.A. technique. Another of the wonders of science!

YOUTH FESTIVALS

What really goes on at the many Youth Fests held all over the country every year? A seasoned participant writes.

Plus all our regular features.

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Cheryl D'Mello

Childhood is a period most of us look back to with tender nostalgia. Each one's childhood has a distinct individuality of its own, and whatever Freud and the other psychologists may say, it was a period of beautiful innocence as we remember it. All of us would wish to be children again, like flowers in the garden of life, but paradoxically, when young, we long to be grown-ups in a strange, fascinating adult world. Looking back on our childhood, we get smothered in a flood of memories of lost dreams, and anecdotes; trifles and traumas come back again — the first day at school, tears and tiffin time, dreams of becoming an engine driver, a doctor, an actress. All the questions we wanted to ask and the answers we never got. Once the recollections start, you can't stop them. They always begin with "I remember. . ." and end with "I'll never forget".

A few famous personalities take a trip down memory lane, providing us with a glimpse into the lives they led a long time ago.

LEELA S. MOOLGAOKAR,
renowned social worker,
Chairman of the
Tata Relief Committee, and
former Sheriff of Bombay

"I HUM GENTLY THE SOUNDS OF CHILDHOOD AND REACH HOME IN THE WARM BEAUTY OF DREAMS."

Herman Hesse

Looking back wistfully now at the age of 63, she recalls: "Born with a golden spoon in my mouth I was wrapped up in cotton wool. Spoilt is not the word, and I ruled the roost and would shout during mealtime to get the maidservant into trouble!"

Her parents had died when she was very young. "I guess that was why I was so pampered."

She lived in Gwalior State till the age of 10 ("I remember our friend the Rajkumari") and was brought up by an aunt. "Yes, I was very fair and very pretty.... and I remember I used to wear Tung churidars and kurtas and a 9 yard saree on festive occasions!"

She remembers her tutors and Miss Herbert, her English governess. "It was an age which believed in a liberal and not an academic education. When we were young, we were taught how to ride and shoot. We rode bareback." She did of course play housie-housie with dolls and did dream of a Prince Charming on a white horse (he came in a two-seater car!), "but more than anything, I wanted to be able to fight like Jhansi Ki Rani. Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales and Nath Madhav's 18 volumes on Shivaji were my favourite books — but my great ambition was to shoot a tiger!"

She recalls the few years spent at St. Joseph's Boarding School, Panchgani. "I remember what a thorough firebrand I was! All our mischief — reading forbidden books, harassing the nuns, choosing between the punishment of a dose of Epsom salts or a caning (for which we carefully wore two pairs of bloomers!)."

She left at 14 to get married.

"It was, on the whole, an open, carefree life, but we were taught the essential values of life — respect for elders, integrity, prayer, sympathy for the poor. Today, as I watch my six grandchildren grow up, I feel they're missing out on so much — just cramming for the exams. For us, study was fun! I must say that I enjoyed my childhood. It was a much better period than my youth." In fact, she is sure "there can be no comparison".

KAMALA DAS,
writer, novelist, poet

"I LOATHE MY CHILDHOOD AND ALL THAT REMAINS OF IT."

Jean-Paul Sartre

"I don't remember mother touching me. A poet, she was always busy writing. I was a very lonely child, not having had the chance to live with my parents long enough. I did not have enough of home life. Something resembling it came to me through my grandmother — a terrific person — and I was closer to her than anyone else."

Her childhood is described vividly and in detail in her autobiography, "My Story", in which she talks about growing up and all the traumas that go with it— living in Calcutta — "the humiliation of a brown child in a European school", — and other

experiences. "At six and very sentimental, I wrote sad poems about dolls who lost their heads. . . . each poem of mine made me cry."

One of her childhood nightmares was when "my father roared at us to make us drink the monthly dose of castor oil. If at all I lived, it was at my grandmother's place at the Nalapat House in Malabar."

She talks about the Elementary School at Punnayukulam and the school outlaw Govinda Kurup who she secretly confided to her grandmother, she wanted to marry. Also the theatre movement her brother began. "My best performance was in the role of the Moghul Queen Nurjehan (and my best scene was the one in which she was shown visiting the battleground after the gory war was over). I felt intoxicated with the audience's warm response."

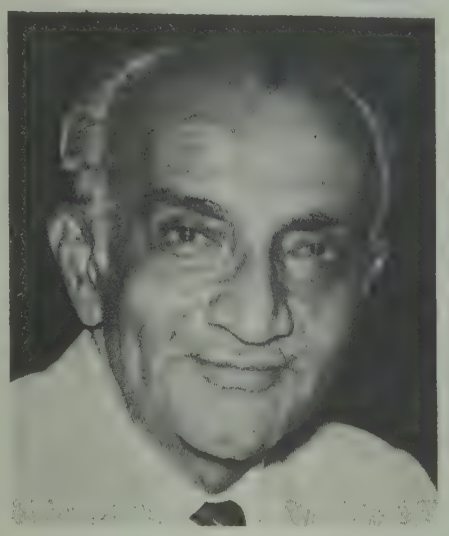
"At nine, my father, finding me too rustic for his liking, admitted me into a boarding school run by Roman Catholic nuns."

It was hell in the beginning but she remembers being nicknamed "Ulba" and being pampered with sweets and ice cream and laughing at the nuns with their "clean shaven scalps". She recalls dreaming about becoming a Draupadi, being afraid of the dark, and spooky noises and being sick with envy at the beauty spot on her neighbour's cheek.

"I wanted to become a lawyer because I heard that they made enormous amounts of money . . . I loved opulence and luxury. . . In all my day dreams I saw myself as a bejewelled empress, some kind of a Nurjehan. I wanted to marry a rich man, a zamindar, and live in Calcutta. Above all, I wished to be a snob."

All in all, however, she feels, "I hated my childhood and wanted it to get over soon."

VIJAY MERCHANT
former cricket wizard and businessman



"CHILDHOOD IS A MEMORY THAT FADES LIKE WINTER, FOREVER."

Han Suyin

"At the age of six (children who enter school before six have mad mothers!) I entered the Bharda New School, Wandby Road (where cricket was the craze)."

"I had the choice between cricket and tennis, and I chose cricket, and at the age of six started playing it at the 'C' nets — and did well throughout in school. My only ambition was to be a cricketer — and to go abroad. I never liked reading." He's hardly read any books except books on cricket.

"Though I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth, I was never spoilt. My aunt and uncle, two dominant influences in my life, believed in discipline." He recalls Mr. Behram Marzban, his games teacher, vividly — another great influence; in fact, he owed all his school cricket to this man.

"All the shining stars in the cricket firmament were my idols," he recalled. Cricket for him has not been merely a game of bat and ball but "a way of life", giving him lasting friendships and teaching him many things. "As a result of which, at the age of 67 today, I am enjoying life as much as (if not more than) men half my age."

"I don't remember much of my childhood days," he concluded. "And most of my life is behind me, but what lies ahead, I want to use effectively. No, I don't wish I could start again — more success has come my way than I expected or even hoped for. There is no nostalgia, no regrets, about my childhood."

Born in 1912, he was brought up by his grandparents till the age of nine, in Quetta, Baluchistan. "Without any formal schooling, I grew up wild, lonesome, and very tough. My grandfather (of heroic stature) was wealthy, and I was thoroughly spoilt! I had a tutor and a British sergeant trained me in sports. Perhaps I owe my success to the fact that I did not have to learn all the trash kids normally have to. I learnt body building and mind building from my grandfather."

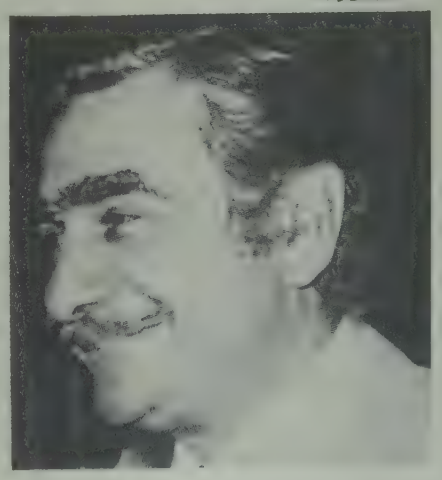
He recalls having to climb a tree till the top branch broke and he fell down. Also riding and games. Though thin and skinny, in a cockfight he pushed a boy so hard he fell and broke his skull!

"I also remember the raids that the Afghan tribals made on us — fierce shooting and fighting (all very traumatic) — that was my environment. I used to

"LONG AGO THE ANGEL OF CHILDHOOD KISSED ME AND WENT."

D. H. Lawrence

R. K. KARANJIA,
Editor, "Blitz"



"CHILDHOOD IS NOT MEMORIES THAT HAVE CROSSED — THE YELLOW PIGEONS ASLEEP IN OUR FORGETTING."

Pablo Neruda

be told Persian stories from the 'Shahnama', and my mother read out stories about Napoleon."

Influenced by all the stories, he recalls doing a lot of heroic fantasizing, which he feels does affect one's character eventually. "I wanted to be a General like Lord Kitchener or Napoleon or Hannibal, I dreamt of greatness and military victories. I loved the Meccano set, though breaking toys was a favourite pastime."

He returned to Bombay when he was nine and hated it. He attended a Gujarati school for a few years and recalls being asked at one time, "What is an adverb?" And he replied, "The King of England!" Later, he joined St. Xavier's School, where he led gangs of boys, but was the

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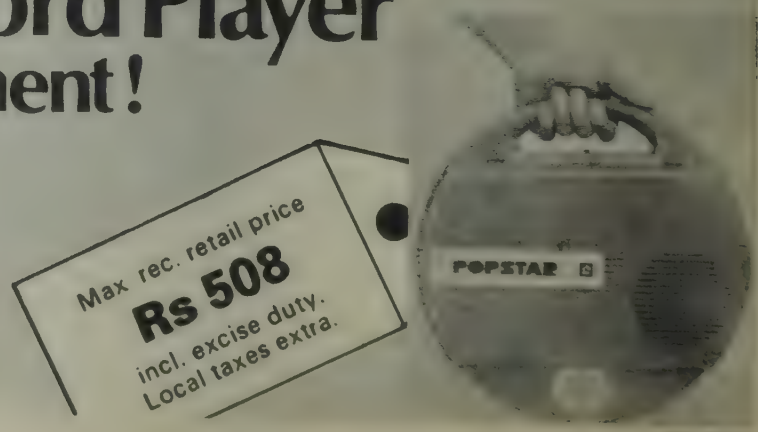

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CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

WAHEEDA REHMAN,

Actress

"FOR CHILDREN IT'S SUCH A SECRET PLACE — THE LAND OF TEARS."

— Antoine de Saint Exupery

"I was born near Madras. As my father was a Commissioner, there were frequent transfers and we children had our schooling in different places — Kerala, Andhra Pradesh and so on.

"Though the schools were the same all over, I specially remember St. Joseph's Convent, Kumbakonam. As I was sickly, I missed a lot of classes because of sickness and travel. I had to stay at home for nearly 15 days a month, but Sara, the English teacher, took extra care of me. I was thin and skinny. One day, the class had gone for a picnic to Vishakapatnam. I was holding an umbrella when a strong breeze began to blow. I was so weak, I felt I was going to fly away, until a nun told me to sit down quickly!"

A very quiet, silent girl, though the youngest she was not really spoilt. "But everyone used to feel sorry for me. During Christmas time, I never won at any games at the club, but always got a present. I used to feel bad, because I knew they gave it because they pitied me."

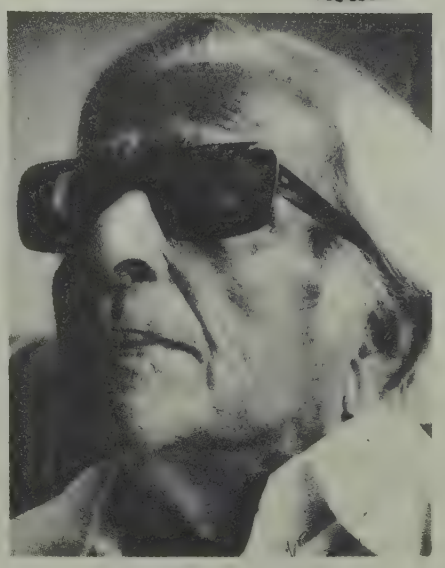
She was a great admirer of Lord Mountbatten. "Such a handsome man. I used to stare at his picture in 'The Illustrated Weekly' until my father used to shout, 'How long are you going to stare? He's very old, you're too young, and anyway, he's leaving India.' Years later, my dream of meeting him someday came true when at a function hosted by Governor Ali Yavar Jung I was introduced to him. I was impressed by everything about him.

"I always wanted to dance, and some day be a filmstar."

At the age of 10, she started giving stage performances of Bharat Natyam. "But in spite of my parents being broadminded, I always felt I wouldn't make it because of the restrictions on women in our society. Today, looking back, I feel so happy that quite a few of my dreams have come true."

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYA,

Writer, Poet, Playwright, Actor, Musician



"AS CHILDREN WE PLAYED IN GARDENS WITH THE TASSELS OF THE SUN."

— George Seferis

"My childhood was a wilderness in the sense that I was part of the wilderness of nature. I loved the naturalness of nature. There was nothing that I didn't love. I had lovely parents, remarkable parents. My father, the first Doctor of Science in India, was also a poet. My mother, a beautiful singer. A wonderful home. I don't know how I deserved it!" There was teaching without seeming to teach. I never went to school, but all around there was education — I was a great student!"

He remembers the woodland behind his house in Hyderabad where he spent most of his time.

"I was always alone with my books. Quiet, good natured, reserved. I was fascinated by Hans Andersen's 'Fairy Tales' (which I still enjoy!). After reading Tennyson's 'The Lady of Shallott', I was moved to write poems. By the age of 11, I had spoilt my eyes reading — I was mad on Shakespeare. X'mas was my favourite festival. I remember singing in Church, 'There's a home for little children above the sky' and the carols we sang! What happy days! We played 'Sally Sally Water', 'Moonlight nights' — what didn't we play! I looked like a girl — I used to wear frocks, and one day a lady thought I was a girl and she called me 'Elaine'. I was very tender— my mother's pet. She called me Chanda (moon). How old am I? I don't know — I condemn calendars. What has it got to do with a man like me?

"I am grateful to my parents who gave me the eyes to love the things I love, the strength to fight for justice. Every moment of my childhood stays with me and it was a beautiful childhood. My father taught me that there was only one religion — humanity — and that 'you can become anything you want to if you feel like it'."

He ended by reciting one of his own poems.

"Always I see before me,
Again and yet again,
The image of the pain
With which my mother bore me.

And now that pain demands
By way of sacred duty,
The moulding of high beauty
At these my little hands."

In this small cross-section of childhood memories we realize how very special one's childhood is to each of us. Not all fun and games perhaps, it is a period of groping, stumbling, reaching out, learning. Though memories come alive, childhood, for many of us, is a thing of the past. All we can hope to do is try to make someone else's childhood better than our own was.

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2 PAY PACKETS are better than one

IF THE ROLE OF BREADWINNER IS SHARED BY HUSBAND AND WIFE, THERE'S GENERALLY MORE BREAD TO GO AROUND!

Sudha D. Hattiangadi

"I would love to take up a job even at this age," said Mrs. Mangeshkar, the middle aged wife of a Chief Executive. That surprised me. To my mind, she hardly needed a job.

Why do so many women go in for jobs today? Apart from the fact that many wives are qualified and intelligent and would like to use their abilities fruitfully, their compulsive urge to take up employment stems from a continuous and ever increasing multitude of needs. In most middle class homes, yesterday's luxuries, like a fridge, TV, and even a stereo, have become today's necessities. Consequently, a wife's salary has become an invaluable asset to every family.

"Over 90 per cent of the bachelors in urban areas — even highly qualified boys — prefer to marry working girls," claimed Mr. L.N. Baindur of Tardeo, Bombay. He is a social worker who has been arranging marriages in the Chitrapur Saraswat community for the past ten years. "This overwhelming demand for working wives is, I think, mostly because of the rapid break-up of the joint family system and resultant housing shortage," he added.

Shalini Ghaye with her three children.

A couple of decades ago, just a handful of married women — either the very needy or the very enterprising — ventured out of their homes seeking gainful employment. Today, a dramatic metamorphosis has taken place — almost an exodus of housewives from their kitchens into the offices! One has only to stand outside Churchgate station in Bombay at 9.30 a.m. any working day to gauge how significant this additional income of a wife has become to a household. A sea of working women can be seen, pouring out in waves!

Suman Taggarsi

Right : Nilima Chopra

WHY WIVES WORK

Inflation compels most wives to contribute their mite towards household expenses. Two earning members in a family make life more comfortable for both middle and upper middle class families.

Very surprisingly, education was a top priority even among women of the lower income group. Shalini Ghaye, a maid servant working in two houses on a part time basis, earns an income of Rs. 50, all of which she is saving for her children's education. Her husband's income of Rs. 250 is barely sufficient for their family to lead a hand-to-mouth existence. He is neither interested nor inclined to educate their children. The couple sleep on the pavement with their three children. Her face glowing with determination, she said forcefully, "At any cost, I will educate my children, especially my only daughter, at least till matriculation, before getting her married. She should never be entirely dependent on her husband but should be able to get a job. Not like me — on the streets! We can't even afford a zopdi. I can never depend on my husband's income, he gambles away the money sometimes."

Left : Sylvia Mascarenhas

Below Left : Tara Lall

Below : Nirmala Vyavaharkar

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2 PAY PACKETS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

In certain cases, the wife's income is a godsend and is utilised to buy a flat or to make the children more comfortable. Mrs. Sylvia Mascarenhas, an executive secretary in a well known company told me, "My salary helped to buy a flat of our own, which we would never have owned without this income. With the arrival of our baby, our wants grew both in variety and dimension. We wished to provide her with a sound financial backing and give her the comforts of life. All this could not have been done on one pay packet."

Joint families still exist in several households and it is heartening to note that even today, there are working couples who are concerned about the welfare of their elders, for which the wife's income comes in handy, in fact, becomes a necessity. "In our Hindu joint family we have to support our elders — my husband's as well as mine. One income alone would not suffice to provide them with the necessary comforts. Once I started earning, I realised I had to keep on earning to maintain the same standard of living and give our elders a feeling of security," explained Mrs. Suman Taggarsi, a librarian.

Most wives in the upper middle class, work to relieve the financial burden of their husbands, to earn the little extra that makes life easier. The intelligent and educated wife today cannot sit back and relax while she watches her husband struggling to give her the comforts he wants to provide her. Mrs. Nirmala Vyavaharkar emphasised this aspect. "In these days of spiralling prices, it is impossible for one horse to pull the cart alone. If we wish to live in a little comfort, mind you, not luxury, if we wish to give our children a good education, it is imperative that both partners earn. No matter how much our husbands may earn, it is still not sufficient to meet the family budget."

The view was fully endorsed by Mrs. Tara Lall, a receptionist working at the British High Commission. "If both husband and wife earn, it helps to balance the budget, especially these days when life has become so difficult," she commented.

The modern wife is no sacrificing Sita. She craves for an identity and independence which only an earning capacity can give her. Articulate and attractive Nilima Chopra, working as the Sales and P. R. Executive in the Welcomhotel Sea Rock, stressed the importance of job satisfaction in earning. "It gives you a sense of independence. As you earn more and more, it proves to you how good you are and you get a deep sense of satisfaction," she told me. "Besides this, an earning wife can pamper herself, whereas a non-working wife thinks twice before buying anything for herself. She always puts her family first; my own mother was like that. A working wife can, for instance, treat the family to a movie or a holiday when she feels like it," she added.

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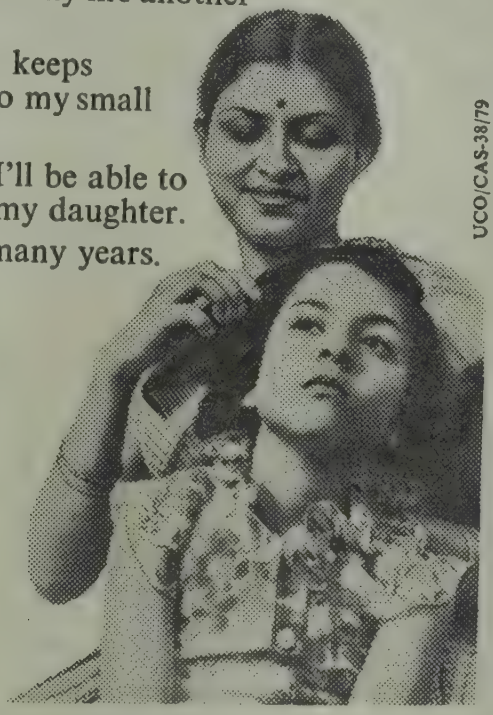

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Economic independence proves a blessing if a woman happens to lose her husband either because of divorce or death. This was aptly described by Mrs. M., an Accounts Executive, working in an advertising agency. A divorce was inevitable in her case as her husband used to beat her up after excessive drinking. "I clung to my job like a drowning woman. I'm glad I did because today I'm very happy without my husband. I would never have dared to leave him if I did not have my job," she asserted.

Thanks to her earning capacity, a widow has ceased to be the unwelcome doormat of her relatives. When Mrs. N., a young widow, lost her husband, she was determined never to depend financially on her relatives. "My relatives were very prompt and oh, so affectionate, in taking part in the religious ceremonies for the first 12 days. They stayed at my house and made themselves comfortable. Not one of them asked me how I was managing," she told me, with tears in her eyes. Luckily for her, she used to take an active part in her husband's business during his lifetime and was therefore, able to continue the business successfully. "All wives should develop an earning capacity because one never knows when tragedy will strike," she warned

AND WHAT HUSBANDS SAY

Quite a few interesting facts emerged when husbands were interviewed. Many were happy to have an earning wife, greatly appreciated her for the income she brought in and what was more important — proudly admitted it!

Mr. S. G. Saldanha, a Product Manager in a very big firm, remarked with obvious pride in his voice, "The additional income which my wife brings in, has stood us in very good stead. But for her job, we may not have had the lovely flat we have in Bandra. A wife's income nowadays is a necessity which overrides any other presumed disadvantages."

The significance and necessity of having an earning wife was stated by Mr. J, a confidential secretary in a big company. He explained, "Firstly the extra income helps us in securing the comforts of life more easily in a city like Bombay, secondly it gives my wife a sense of satisfaction in doing the sort of job she likes and is qualified for, and thirdly but not less important, the economic independence could be a saving factor in case of widowhood."

When asked if more wives should take up jobs, the spontaneous response of Mr. H. the young Managing Director of a medium sized company was, "Definitely. An earning wife is an asset nowadays. Believe it or not, my secretary getting 1/3rd of my salary is better off than I, because of two earning members in her family. Oh yes, on paper I get a very high salary, several thousands, but my take-home pay packet hardly amounts to Rs. 1500. No doubt perks are there. But I have three children, and well, if there is chicken for dinner, they ask if we are having guests that evening! The taxation and the ceiling on executives' salaries are killing. My secretary and her husband went abroad last year for a holiday which is more than I can plan for my family!"

But a small percentage of the husbands wish to have their cake and eat it too! They would like their wives to bring in a second income, but at the same time, they want the wives to dance attendance on them all the time. Mr. S. was a glaring example. "You are lucky to be working," he said. "So many advantages are there — an additional income for the house, a smart and well dressed wife and less time to fight with the mother-in-law. When I go home everyday I find the two scowling at me, one saying 'your mother did this' and the other complaining, 'Your wife did that.' I wish my wife were also earning."

Continued on page 58

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HIS EYES SPARKLED WITH MISCHIEF AND I FELT MYSELF TURN RED WITH EMBARRASSMENT. AN IMPULSIVE COMPLIMENT AFTER SO MANY YEARS WAS A LITTLE UPSETTING

IRISH COFFEE

Jayabrato Chatterjee

ARUN's mother Edna was my good friend. The handlebars of her husband's moustachios terrified me, but I think, even when I was a schoolgirl, I had a strange crush on Edna Mukerji. I was only in class two when she became our head girl and idol. That was before I encountered Jean Harlow on the screen.

When I in turn became a prefect, the school magazine that year carried a picture of Edna and her husband. They had married in Lahore before the War took over and she looked angelic in her veil and a shower bouquet of pink carnations. Her husband seemed less formidable then, very young and almost handsome in his Flight Lieutenant's uniform. The handlebars were just a streak on his upper lip then.

I think I still have a clipping of the photograph tucked away somewhere in an old scrapbook. The caption read: "Edna Sirkar was our head girl in 1936. She married Flight-Lieutenant Manoj Mukerji this autumn in Lahore. We extend our congratulations to you, Edna. God bless you two."

The last sentence was so typical of Sister Florence that I knew at once who would be able to give me Edna's address. At break time I walked to Sister Florence, got the address and dropped Edna a card. You know, the congratulations- and- three- cheers kind of affair with lots of red hearts and tinsel glued all over. She never replied and so I lost track of her.

We met again after years at a ladies' bazaar organised by the wives of the Armed Services in Calcutta. I was young, a widow and very hung up about life. No doubt I had run away from college to marry Bill in a burst of idealism and romance. His faithfulness had surprised me even then, and I was extremely happy for the three years that we spent together. And then he died. Just like that. A brutal car crash.

I hated his mother, and more than her, I despised his bigoted sister. Thank God, we had no children. So I left their home, came to my parents, did my Teachers' Training, got a job and moved out again.

Ever since, I had been bitten by a strange wanderlust, travelling all over from school to school. I resigned last from the Convent in Simla because of the bitter cold and consquent chilblains and got a job in the warmer air of Calcutta.

Bill had been dead almost six years now. I had lost track of his family, just turned thirty, and walked into Calcutta not knowing a soul. I stayed in the school premises for the first term and then moved into P.G. digs with a divorcee on Ballygunge Circular Road. The accommodation was slightly sleazy, but not very far from school. And most important, the landlady left me alone.

On one of those rare occasions when I was feeling down in the dumps even more than usual, for no particular reason, I went with Pamela, a colleague whose husband was in the Army, to the bazaar. And there I bumped into Edna who had come to cut the ribbon and declare it open. Just one look at

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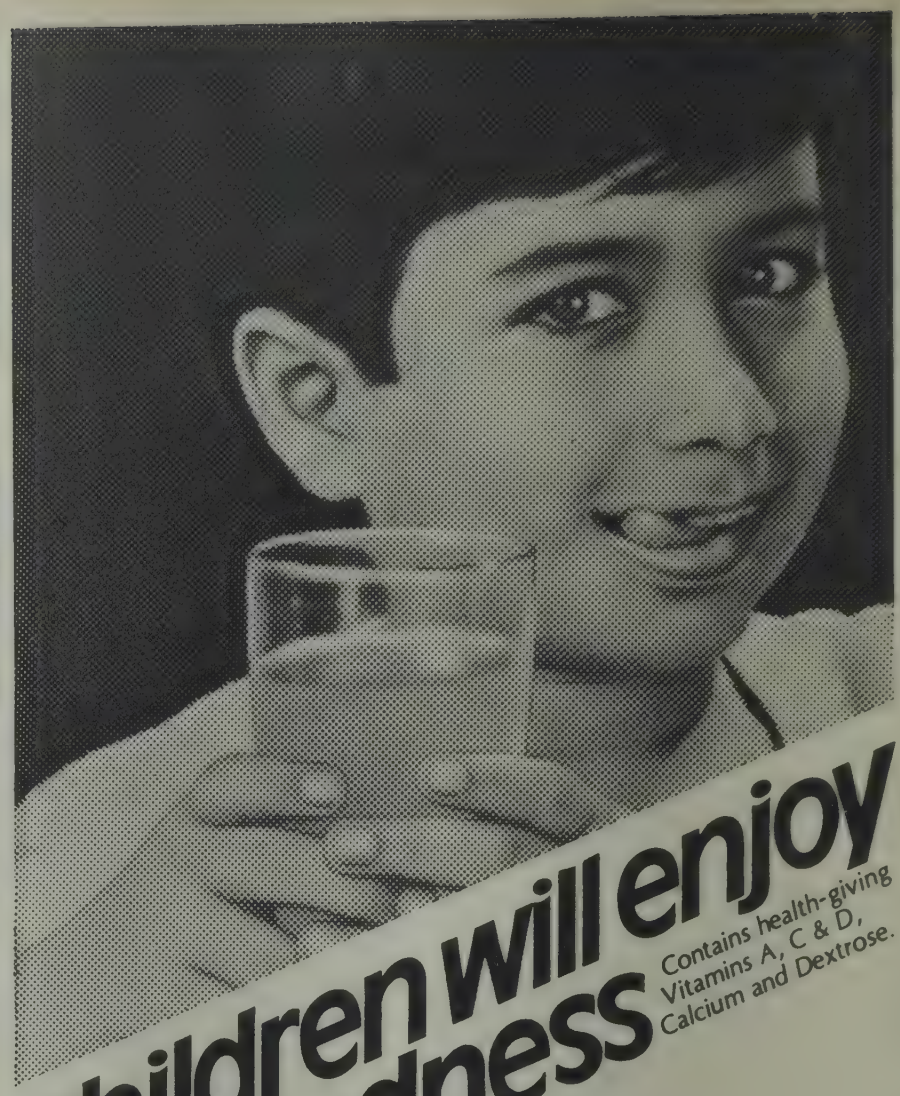

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IRISH COFFEE

her face and I knew that it was she almost at once. She had filled out considerably. Her hair had greyed slightly, though lacquer and a stylish hair-do did the trick. There were rolls of fat on her hips and quite a few under her chin, her cleavage had deepened and her arms were like chunks of dimpled ham. But her face was still young and exquisitely pretty. Her eyes sparkled and she had not squandered away her charms.

Edna could not place me initially though she tried hard. Then I told her about Karachi and school and she smiled and remembered. We talked mostly about our childhood days, and I enquired about her sister and learned that she was dead. Then she insisted that I go home with her for pot luck and a walk down nostalgia lane. I was not doing anything particularly important that evening and so I let her drag me into the car quite willingly.

Edna kept a beautiful home and still believed in gracious living. There was an air of deliberate decadence about her drawing room which impressed me immensely — purple velvet curtains, Persian carpet, chandeliers, Burma teak furniture and an imposing piano sprawled in one corner of the massive room. She bustled about like one who had found a long lost trinket that delighted her. And while I sank into one of her sofas, she ordered two brandies, put through a telephone call and then came and settled down beside me.

Her husband had resigned as Air Vice-Marshal from the Air Force, and was now Managing Director of a medium sized British company that paid him well. I enquired politely about her children though for the life of me I could not remember how many she had.

Rohit, her eldest son, was selling paints for a multinational concern and travelled a lot all over the country by air. Her younger son, Arun, was in engineering college, she said. Her daughter Bulu had married well and lived with her twin daughters and executive husband on Banjara Hills in Hyderabad.

She (Bulu) played mahjong in the mornings, siestaed in the afternoons, wore chiffon sarees in the evenings and took the twins and her Saluki hound for long walks or to the local club. Most nights Bulu and her husband were cocktailing or dining with friends. It was a busy life, Edna said, smiling and satisfied as she fiddled with the string of dove grey pearls around her bloated heck.

Her husband walked in just as we had finished our brandies and I was instantly terrified of his handlebar moustachios. I shook hands as amicably as I could with this formidable monster as Edna introduced us and he peered at me half mockingly through deep-set eyes fringed by bushy and greying eyebrows. His bald pate glistened in the Calcutta heat and his paunch signalled years of heavy beer drinking. I was quite upset by this man and knew right from then that we would never be friends.

He had returned home from a rigorous bout of squash, was perspiring profusely and walked straight into his bath with Edna waddling behind him. Only after they had disappeared did I notice a lanky young boy, wearing white shorts and a T shirt and a casual smile, staring at me in amusement. He ran his fingers through his long and soft hair, flung his racket on the divan and sprawled himself out on the carpet. His mother had forgotten to introduce him. Of course. I thought he must be Arun, Edna's younger son.

"You went to school with mother, didn't you, Mrs. Sen?"

"Yes, but that was long ago and of course, Edna was years senior."

"What do you do now?"

"Oh, I teach. I'm a school marm, blue stocking, and all that."

He burst into loud, rollicking laughter and I saw his even white teeth sparkle.

"I don't like your sense of humour," I smiled.

"Don't you? But honestly, Mrs. Sen, you are too beautiful to be a staid schoolmarm."

Arun's eyes sparkled with mischief and I felt myself turn red with embarrassment. An impulsive compliment after so many years was a little upsetting. So, after dinner, when Edna had kissed me and gushingly implored me with the routine you-must-come-again, he dropped me home. I made up my mind to go for a binge that Saturday and bought a new sari, defuzzed my arms, shaped my eye-brows and brought home some cosmetics.

I think I must have given old Handlebars the shock of his life the next time Edna called me over. She was having a party to celebrate her twenty-ninth wedding anniversary and she had urged me to make an appearance, if only for a short while. After Bill's death this was the first big "do" that I was going to attend. I hated parties, powdered women and pestering men, but what the hell, I decided, I had been a hermit for far too long.

When I walked into Edna's drawing room that evening a little after a quarter past eight, for a moment she could not believe that it was me. She smelt the only luxury I normally indulged in, Madame Rochas, and, waddling up to me, screeched, "Oh Laila, you look so ravishing!"

"Go away!" I said impatiently, feeling suddenly quite silly and uncomfortable under the weight of the electric blue eye-shadow and a copper glow foundation. She grabbed my arm and lovingly introduced me to a roomful of guests as an old and long lost friend. Handlebars looked at me disapprovingly through his fishy grey eyes, now slowly streaking red under the influence of liquor. I smiled at him cheekily and walked across to his son.

I could see Arun visibly glow with pleasure.

"You are too young for me to call you aunt, and too old for the familiar first name game," he said.

"Do I look so ancient?" I challenged.

"No, no! You are quite a different person tonight," he whispered.

"Then just call me Laila," I laughed and drifted across to aimlessly natter with a couple whose names I have now forgotten.

I think those Cokes were doctored and made me feel quite light headed. I laughed a lot that night after ages, and everyone must have thought that I was either a crass socialite or an incorrigible attention getter. But opinions have never bothered me. I was bent on having fun and I did. I even asked Arun

Continued on Page 42

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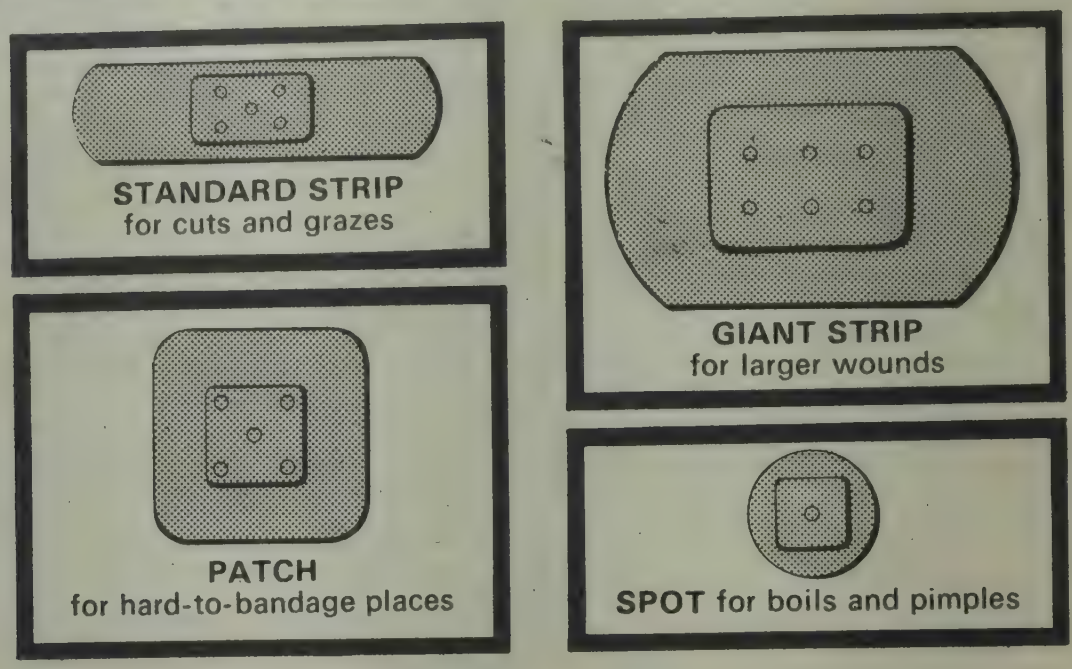
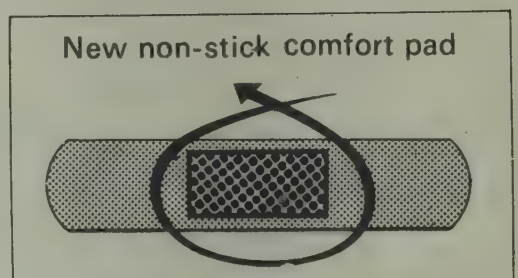
Wounds come in all shapes and sizes

So do BAND-AID Dressings



Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



Each BAND-AID Dressing has

- a new non-stick pad for greater comfort, faster healing
- a proven antiseptic that helps to mend broken skin
- tiny pores that let in air to speed up healing.

Protect against infection with BAND-AID BRAND Dressings

BAND-AID AND JOHNSON & JOHNSON ARE TRADEMARKS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON
USA © J&J '79

OBM/2237

Johnson & Johnson

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF THE PERFECT FAMILY VACATION, EMILY?
ACM
TRAVE
Caribbean Cruises
A SHOPPING TOUR OF EUROPE!!
THAT'S MY IDEA OF HEAVEN! SWITZERLAND FOR WATCHES.... FRANCE FOR PERFUME!
ITALY FOR SILKS AND SCOTLAND FOR WOOLENS... HOLLAND FOR DIAMONDS!
BUT WHAT ABOUT HER-BERT?
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WHERE WOULD HE BE WHILE YOU WERE OUT DOING ALL THAT SHOPPING?
3-18
HE'D BE BACK HOME WORKING TO PAY FOR IT!

THAT'S A LAUGH!

Rosanna O. Lopez, a New York celebrity, loves this lulu:

Ted, a high school senior, said to her: "Your grandfather's a little deaf, isn't he?"

"Deaf! Last night he said his prayers kneeling on the cat."

* * *

Little Teddy had never seen a cat with her litter. He watched for awhile and ran excitedly into his Aunt's room. "Come quick, Aunt Marion," he cried. "There's a great big kitty lying on the floor and five little kitties are blowing her up."

* * *

A mouse and a cat walked into a restaurant. The mouse ordered three kinds of cheese and some grain. The waiter asked what the cat would like and the mouse said the cat would have nothing.

"Isn't he hungry?" asked the waiter.

"Mister, if he were hungry, would I be sitting here?"

* * *

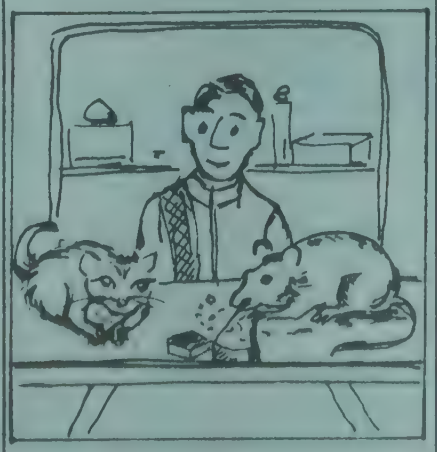
"That's a beautiful stuffed tiger you've got there. From where did you get him?"

"In India when I was on a hunting expedition with my uncle."

"What's he stuffed with?"

"My uncle."

* * *



Aunt Hattie was the town spinster. Everyone felt sorry for her because she was single. "It's too bad," said one, "that you don't have a husband."

Said Aunt Hattie: "I've a dog that snores, a parrot that swears, and a cat that stays out all night. What could I possibly want with a husband?"

* * *

Talbot took his dog to a vet and asked him to cut off the animal's tail completely.

"Why in the world do you want me to do that?" asked the vet.

"Well, my mother-in-law is coming tomorrow and I don't want a single sign of welcome around the house."

* * *

"What kind of invention are you working on these days, Charlie?"

"You can laugh, but this time I've got a winner."

"What have you got?"

"I just invented a dogfood that tastes like a mailman's ankle."

* * *

"I'm a little worried about the mailman."

"Why?"

"Well, an hour ago I found a pile of bones on the front walk, and our dog was picking his teeth with a postcard."

* * *

He fell in love with her at second-sight. The first time he met her he didn't know she was rich.

* * *

"What do you call a church on fire?"

"Holy Smoke."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

Mama Volita is here!

With many surprises in store, jelly and custard galore!

Volita Jelly—so delicious!
Volita Custard—so nutritious!
Enjoy them separately, together, or combine them with fruit, nuts, sponge cake, icecream... to make over 101 tasty desserts!

The only vitaminised custard! In 6 flavours!

Jelly... in 4 fruity flavours that say 'have more'!

Volita
Jelly Crystals & Custard Powder

ULKA VDF 1

MAKE YOUR GARDEN GROW

An introduction to the art of kitchen gardening and the pleasures of growing your own vegetables

–7

PROTECTING YOUR PLANTS

A seedling takes a long time, may be 40 to 100 days, or even longer, to grow into a mature plant and then bear flower and fruit. During this period the plant is vulnerable to a number of hazards. Plants have so many enemies attacking them right from germination to maturity, such as insects, fungi, bacteria, virus and unfavourable climatic conditions nutritional defeciences and physiological abnormalities of the plant. The former cause parasitic diseases and all of them render the plant unhealthy, weak and poor in bearing fruit.

Kitchen garden cultivation practices are therefore not complete without efficient plant protection. When a plant suffers from some abnormal condition or disease, it shows external signs or symptoms. One should ascertain the cause and decide on the remedial measures. Non-parasitic disases are cured by providing optimal growth conditions to the plant and proper management. These help to overcome the factor causing the diseased condition.

To understand the parasitic diseases and their control, we have again to look at the symptoms. At times the plant leaves are eaten up or chewed up, adversely affecting productively. This condition is often caused by caterpillars. These have voracious appetites and often eat up all the leaves of the plant. Caterpillars are controlled by spraying pesticides like Ekatin, Folidol-M, Ekalux 25 EG or dusting DDT or Gammaxane powder.

Leaf-miners are wiry and tiny, looking like small caterpillars. These enter the veins of the leaf, tunelling forward, leaving a discoloured trail. These are controlled by use of systematic insecticides like Ekalux 25, Solvirex, etc.

Cutworms are caterpiller-like worms eating, chewing and cutting up leaves, branches and even stems. These could be controlled by spraying any contact or systematic insecticides like Roger, Ekatin, Ekalux 25 or dusting Savin, D.D.T. or Gammaxane.

Borers, often looking like caterpillars, find their way into the growing bud, branches, stem or even into the fruit, eating the flesh, tunnelling and rendering the tissue hollow and rotten. This pest can be controlled by the use of systematic insecticides such as Nuvacron 40, Ekalux 25, Sikvirex, etc.

There are also tiny, soft bodied sucking type insects called jassids, trips, aphids and mites, varying in colour from light green to black, reddish to brown. These are normally found on the undersurface of the leaves and on younger stems, sucking the plant sap and rendering it weak, unproductive and at times completely dead. These insects are easily controlled by timely and repeated sprays of any one of the contact or systematic insecticide.

There are other insects called scales, bugs, beetles, having a hard shell. Flying insects like flies, fruit flies, hoppers, etc. cause damage to the plant and the fruits in various ways. These are controlled by the use of any one of the contact or systematic insecticides.

Besides insects, fungi and bacteria cause various plant diseases such as wilting, rot, blignt, mildew, rust, smut, blast, etc. Generally the organism lodges on the plant or enters the plant tissue through vulnerable points and proliferates causing various diseases.

Damping off, blight, wilt, die back are diseases caused by the fungus. They impair the sap conducting system of the plant.

Downy, powdery mildews are marked by the presence of a fluffy whitish growth of fungus on the under or upper surface of the leaves. This is controlled by the use of Blue-copper 50, Aureafungin, Captex or Sultaf.

In general, fungal diseases are controlled by the application of copper formulations, namely Blitex, Blue-copper 50 and others such as Aureofungin, Sultaf, Guptaf, Dithane, Bavistin, Difolatan, etc., Bacterial diseases such as leaf spot, wilt, canker are controlled by spraying Streptocycline.

Another agency causing damage to the plants is the virus. When the plant gets virus infection, the leaves become bunchy, curly, called little leaf disease. Leaves show patches of light and dark green, veins become pale and yellow, rendering the plant totally unproductive. This desease is very contagious and there is no effective control measure. The only thing to do is to uproot such plants and destroy them to check further spread of the disease.

Let us now examine the pest control problems in detail, and from another angle — the chemical aspect. There is a two-pronged approach to keep plants in healthy and productive condition. The first is clean cultivation. As soon as an insect or diseased plant part is seen, hand pick the insect or nip off the affected part and destroy it so that the disease does not spread. The other method is the use of insecticides and pesticides formulated from various chemicals which are available in powder form for dusting or in liquid form for spraying on the plant. These chemicals have specific modes of action and interaction with the insects and other disease organisms. The contact insecticides cause instant death of the insect. Systematic insecticides are those which, when sprayed on the plant parts, remain active for a particular period and during this period if the predator insect feeds on the sprayed portion, the poison enters the digestive system of the insect and kills it. Some systematic insecticides like Solvirex, Furaden 3G, Ekalux, Nuvacron, etc. when fed through the root system or sprayed on the plant, enter the plant tissues and are ingested by the pest, which kills it.

Having chosen the insecticides/pesticides, it is very important to follow strictly the instructions supplied in the packing. Use the right dose of concentration as recommended. A weaker dose may not bring about the desired effect, while a stronger dose may affect the plant adversely, at times even killing it. Spray the plant thoroughly, even the lower surface of the leaves where the insects normally hide and lay eggs. A pneumatic hand compression sprayer of one litre capacity would be ideal, but in case this is not available a Flit pump exclusively kept for this purpose will also serve the purpose for a small pot culture. After spraying, watch the effect of the spray. Leave the recommended gaps between two sprays. Stop spraying chemicals 10 — 12 days before you harvest the produce. Wash the vegetables before use. Never inhale the spray. Do not touch the chemical with your bare hands. Wash your hands and the equipment thoroughly after use. Keep the insecticides out of the reach of children and pets.

B. M. Desai

1

CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

2

3

The overpowering image of Ganesh under an ornate canopy — intricately carved in rosewood; delicately carved ivory chess sets and figures of the various deities of the Hindu pantheon; dazzling brass lamps with peacock motifs, massive in size; fabulous brocades going back to thousands of years when these prized fabrics took the "Silken Route" to Greece and ancient Rome; shimmering silks and gorgeous sarees; fabled carpets and rugs; hand-painted Mughal miniatures; heady musks from the foot-hills of the Himalayas; an exciting array of intoxicating attars, plus a host of other items, discriminately chosen from many corners of a diverse land, are on view at the Craft Centre, situated in the metropolis of Bombay.

Wrought with loving hands, passed down the centuries, steeped in tradition, yet so practical, they can adorn the humblest of dwellings as well as the most sophisticated homes abroad.

And that's not all. At its premises is a neat, well-kept auditorium featuring shows comprising songs and dances providing a fleeting glimpse into India's vast cultural heritage.

1. Very unusual are the sling bags from Nagaland, quilted table-mats and tea-cosy and coasters in applique work.

2. For those in search of individualised items are these covetable crockery pieces, hand-painted for you in exclusive designs.

3. Of Kashmir origin are these colourful papier mache products in traditional designs.

4. The focal point — a rich, rare wall-hanging. Deftly hand-embroidered in silk and pure gold thread, it is set with semi-precious stones. The metal items — image of Saraswati with a veena, a decorative plant holder and a box with several uses — are all beautifully finished.

4

Photographs: Tasneb Badshah

ENERGY WITH EXTRA SPRING

CAS-KFP-7940

DOES PIN-SHARPNESS PAY?

Homi Kharas

Your neighbour has grown prize sunflowers and would like you to photograph them. His requirement is a crisp, sharp picture showing the blooms in all their glory. Snapshot No. 1 is just what he would want. But it fails as a picture. It is no better than what you would see in a seedman's catalogue. It is at best a true representation of the flowers.

Now look at picture No. 2. The flowers are poor specimens; not half as attractive as those sunflowers. But look at the setting. A pre-dawn sky across a placid lake, boats in the mid-distance and a touch of mist in the air. How they all add to the charm of the photograph! You have a picture with a mood. It has an element of creativity about it. The absence of sunshine did not bother me. In fact, it helped me achieve the effect I had visualised.

A DESIGNER'S TOUCH

Ready-to-wear clothes at the boutique have become top favourites among the fashion conscious Eves of today. But most of them lack in that distinctive touch of style a good designer lends, and even the quality of fabric is not very good. The fashions shown on these pages have a totally different and attractive look because these have been designed by young and talented KHORSHED PANTHAKY — a designer you can rely upon every time. Inspired by the work of great couturiers, Khorshed's styles are a favourite among various buyers and fashion houses in Chicago and other places in the United States.

Fabric Courtesy : Handloom House, Bombay.

Khorshed designs for the Maid of Cotton of America 1980 — Gift Wardrobe from India, Fashion Show to be held at Oberoi Towers on May 3, produced and directed by Jeannie Naoroji Enterprises.

And her collection of exclusively styled garments will be on sale at the Aakar Art Gallery on May 8 and 9, 1980.

1. One of the prettiest ensembles — colourful jackets worn over tunic tops, tucked in shirts and streamlined trousers. Add splashes of colour with vivid belts and other accessories.

2. Flaunt a sexy shoulder — an off-shoulder tunic over a knee-length skirt. Neck tie-up, sash and side slits ensure a mod look.

3. A bit of a show off — a skirt with a skivy top and jacket to match — note the broad cummerbund.

4. Colourful, embroidered and printed tops, with straight-cut shoulders and raglan sleeves go well with slim skirts and trousers.

Photographs: Taiyeb Badshah

EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

DR. USHA BHATT

PIONEER IN CANCER REHABILITATION

"We do not give them everything. We give them the wings with which they can fly themselves"

"The entire concept of rehabilitation as such is a new one," says Dr. Usha Bhatt of the Indian Cancer Society. As head of the rehabilitation team for cancer patients in India, Dr. Bhatt has ventured into a comparatively new field to achieve something which was hitherto considered impossible.

Educated in Bombay, Dr. Bhatt obtained her Master's degree in Sociology in 1955 from the University of Bombay. The problems of the handicapped had always interested her and she made up her mind to do more research in the field. She was greatly inspired by the autobiography of a paraplegic woman. Setting her goals clearly before her, Dr. Bhatt decided to take up research on the physically handicapped in India for her doctoral degree.

It was the first time that such a topic had been taken up for a thesis. There were hardly any Indian reference books on the subject, with the result that her research started with the scanning of "Manusmriti" and several old books. In the West, though, there was no dearth of literature on the topic, but Indian problems are singularly different from those of the West. So, with such limitations Dr. Bhatt went through more than four hundred books, old and new, to formulate the theme of her thesis.

She interviewed more than 500 people from Ahmedabad, Bombay and Pune. They were hesitant at first, but Dr. Bhatt made it clear to them, that if they cooperated in her survey, she could do a lot in future. She received her doctorate in 1960 under the guidance of Prof. Kapadia of the Bombay University. Her exhaustive thesis was later abridged and published as a book "The Physically Handicapped in India", for which she received a grant from the government of India. The book remains to date one of the standard books on the problem of the handicapped in this country.

Dr. Bhatt worked for some time in the Rehabilitation Centre for the Physically Handicapped in Bombay and in 1961 joined the Indian Cancer Society. Dr. Jussawala, the well known surgeon, was at that time interested in conducting a survey of cancer patients. Dr. Bhatt took up the task and conducted a survey on the basis of which the idea of rehabilitation of cancer patients was formed. Her contention was that it was of no use adding extra years to a cancer patient's life, unless they were made useful. The rehabilitation programme began in the corridors of the Tata Memorial Cancer Hospital with only five patients. Today it has a building of its own, housing a workshop, about 200 people working there, and providing services for cancer patients all over the country (approx. 5000 per year).

Pure research would not have satisfied Dr. Bhatt. It was the application of this research to practical life and seeing it pay dividends which was encouraging. In the initial stages, her mother even hinted that if she were to get so mentally upset she had better give up this work. But Dr. Bhatt was certain that her work would be successful.

Initially starting with a few finishing jobs and cane work, Dr. Bhatt, with the help of an occupational therapist, managed to get more and more jobs for her patients. Today the workshop exports fancy articles, its rexine section is booked two months in advance, and the printing press has picked up encouraging business. Had it not been for dedicated team work, says Dr. Bhatt, her dream would never have materialised.

In the West, there are workshops where all kinds of physically handicapped people work. In India, we had to have a separate workshop for cancer patients for various reasons. First and foremost, the word "cancer" sends a chill down the spine of everyone. Hence a psychological fear was the foremost problem to handle. "We still have to convince people that cancer can be treated and that the patients can lead a normal life," says Dr. Bhatt.

"A mere workshop is not enough. We need more sympathetic employers who can offer small jobs to rehabilitate cancer patients."

Dr. Bhatt was a member of the working group on the Physically Handicapped of the Planning Commission for the fifth Five-Year plan. She is also consultant to the International Human Assistance Programme of the U.S.A. and to the World Rehabilitation Fund. She has attended several conferences on the problems of the physically handicapped and also chaired a special session at the 12th World Congress of the Rehabilitation International at Sydney in 1972.

Her philosophy is, "Each person who has a physical handicap, also has compensatory forces within himself, which justify hope, the anchor of life. So help the handicapped individual to help himself."

Vrunda Moghe Dev

Shingar Turmeric
beauty cream

Purest turmeric with sandalwood and saffron to give you a beautiful, clear skin... naturally.

Shingar, with a delicate lingering fragrance blends softly and gently with your skin ... cares for your complexion

Shingar, a traditional ayurvedic beauty formula, now in its purest form... to care for your skin.

Shingar with turmeric... soft, smooth; puts sparkle into your complexion, pampers it to loveliness.

Shingar with sandalwood and saffron; cooling, removes dirt from pores... to keep your skin blemish-less from acne and pimples.

pure and gentle... naturally

TANDOOR FAVOURITES

Premila Lal

Looking for some outdoor party favourites? Here are some old time tandoor treats — marvellous and the most delicious and popular preparation from Punjab. A tandoor is an unglazed clay oven, sunk into the ground over burning charcoal and the meat is cooked on skewers placed inside the tandoor. This process of cooking meat or chicken over charcoal or wood fire can also be termed as "grilling" and can now be easily cooked in a rotisserie or a gas tandoor. The flavour and taste are superlative and the specially prepared spices and colouring give the meat an exquisite appearance and produce a delicious flavour and taste. You will be greeted with a loud encore each time you serve these palate ticklers!

TANDOORI FISH

1 kg fish
3 tbsps. cooking oil
1 tbsp. garam masala

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

1½" piece ginger
8 cloves garlic
2" cube green papaya
1 tbsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. cummin seeds
1 tbsp. red chilli powder
Juice of 2 lemons
Salt to taste

Cut and scale the fish. Wash well and wipe dry. Apply the ground paste all over, inside the stomach and head as well. Make four gashes on either side of the fish with a

Photograph : Taiyab Badshah

sharp knife to allow the spices to permeate. Let stand in a cool place for one hour.

Pierce the fish lengthwise with a skewer, using two skewers if one is not long enough and cook in a tandoor.

Turn the fish every ten minutes and cook till light brown. Heat the oil and brush over the fish with a pastry brush. When the fish is barely cooked sprinkle with garam masala and cook till a dark golden brown.

TANDOORI CHICKEN

2 spring chickens
1½" piece ginger
1 small pod garlic
1 large onion
½ pint curd
¼ pint lemon juice
2 tsps. chilli powder
1 tsp. black cummin seeds
Salt to taste

GRIND TOGETHER:

2 sticks cinnamon
1 bay leaf
10 cloves
8 black peppercorns
3 cardamoms
Salt to taste
Ghee or butter

Grind together the ginger, garlic and onion and blend in with the curd to a smooth paste. Apply the mixture on the inside and outside of the chicken, and leave to marinate for five hours. Add the chilli powder, cummin seeds and ground spices to the lemon juice and mix well. Make three or four slashes with a sharp knife on each side of the chicken and smear them with the mixture. Sprinkle with salt and let stand for one hour.

Skewer the chickens, brush them with a little melted butter and grill, for the best results, on an open charcoal stove. If this is not possible, grill under an electric or gas tandoor or cook in an oven for half an hour taking care to cook on all sides. Serve sprinkled with a little garam masala and garnish with lemon and onion rings.

HUSSEINI SEEKH KABABS

1 kg meat
1 piece ginger
8 cloves garlic
1 tsp. roasted cummin seeds
6 dry red chillis
2-3 tbsps. ghee
30 grams pistachios
45 grams almonds (optional)
4 cardamoms
1 pint cream
1 pint milk
500 grams pickling onions
Few coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Grind the ginger, garlic, cummin seeds, chillis and coriander to a fine paste. Add salt to taste. Cut meat into desired cubes and rub this paste over it. Marinate for two and a half hours.

Fix the meat cubes on skewers, placing an onion between each cube of meat. Grill on a low fire till tender and brown.

In a saucepan, heat the ghee. Add milk, cream, finely grated almonds and pistachios. Mix well and cook till slightly thick. Garnish with ground cardamoms and serve with the kababs. If preferred, the kababs may be removed from the skewers and the sauce poured over them before serving.

MUSSALAM RAAN

1 leg mutton
60 grams almonds (optional)
60 grams dry coconut piece
60 grams raisins
3 dozen dry red chillis
1½ tbsps. coriander seeds
1 sprig curry leaves
A pinch saffron
1 tbsp. garam masala
2" piece ginger
1 small pod garlic
¼ pint curd
1 lemon
2" piece green papaya
3 tbsps. salt or to taste
8 tbsps. ghee

Grind the coriander seeds, chillis, saffron and curry leaves into a fine paste. Mix with the garam masala. Similarly, grind the coconut, almonds and raisins to a fine paste and keep aside.

Next grind the ginger, garlic and papaya together. Mix the curd and salt with it. Squeeze in the lemon juice and keep this aside too. Then wash the leg of mutton and with a pointed knife make numerous gashes on both sides. Fill in the last ground mixture and marinate for about ten minutes. Then spread the first ground mixture over the whole leg of mutton. Finally spread a layer of almonds, coconut and raisins mixture over the layer of ground spices. Heat the ghee in a large roasting-pan and place the leg of mutton in it. Let it cook over a low heat. keep turning until it is a light even brown. Then cover the pan, and place in a hot oven or tandoor to roast for about forty five minutes. Remove from the oven when brown.

TANDOORI LOBSTER

2 large lobsters
5 tbsps. thick curd
5 tbsps. water
5 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

10 dry red chillis
5 cloves garlic
½ inch piece fresh turmeric
¼ tsp. cummin seeds
½ inch piece fresh ginger
6 peppercorns
2 inch cinnamon stick
4 cloves
4 cardamoms

Wash and clean lobsters. Remove shell carefully, leaving head and tail intact. Remove legs and tentacles. Remove the black thread and make a deep gash down the back. make two slits on either side of the body and keep aside.

Mix the curd, water and salt to a smooth consistency. Add the ground masala and mix well. Marinate the lobsters in this mixture for one hour before cooking. Skewer the lobsters lengthwise. Fill the slits with the masala. Suspend the skewers over a coal fire balancing them on bricks or wooden boxes.

Turn frequenly to cook evenly on all sides. Baste with remaining marinade and ghee. Cook until the masala on the lobster is quite dry. Serve hot, garnished with spring onions, red radish, tomato and lemon wedges.

SKEWERED GRILLED VEGETABLES WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

250 grams brinjals
250 grams potatoes or yam
2-3 capsicums
6 tomatoes
16 pearl onions
1 cup soya sauce
2 tbsps. green ginger, cloves, garlic (crushed)
1 tsp. dry mustard
½ tsp. garam masala

Blend together the soya sauce, grated ginger, garlic, mustard and garam masala. Keep aside till required. Boil potatoes or yam in salted water till tender. If yam is used, scrape off the skin. Quarter the potatoes or yam and cut the brinjal into one inch pieces. Quarter tomatoes and cut capsicum in bite-size bits. Interlace all the vegetables including pearl onions on skewers and broil for about five minutes on a charcoal stove, basting frequently with the marinade. Serve with yellow rice and the following sauce.

FOR THE SAUCE :

1 cup olive oil
1 cup white vinegar
2 onions (minced)
3 cloves garlic (crushed)
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Mix oil and vinegar. Stir in the onion and garlic and season with salt and pepper. Allow to stand for about six hours. Stir well before serving.

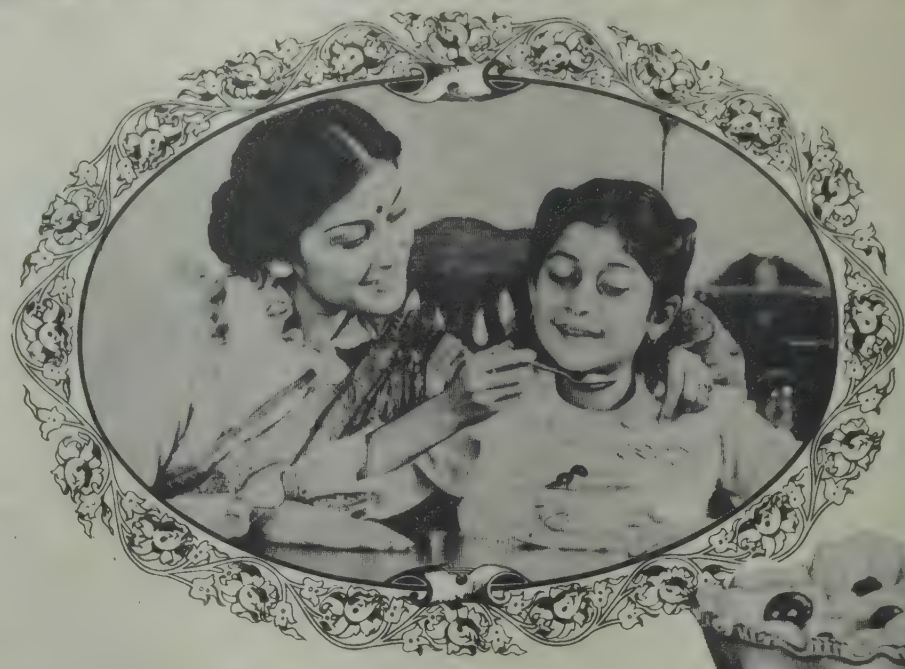
NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

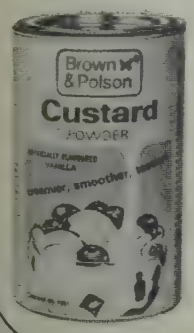
The Cookery Queen for the month of May will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00.

1) A non-stick coated 185 mm Fry Pan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, and

2) A gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine.

Brown & Polson Custard
You loved its delicious taste as a child





Thick, rich, creamy custard, flowing with goodness.
So delicious, so nourishing. That's why mothers who care use only Brown & Polson.

Brown & Polson Custard Powder*...
trusted by mothers for over 30 years.

*Contains no eggs

You trust its wholesome goodness as a mother

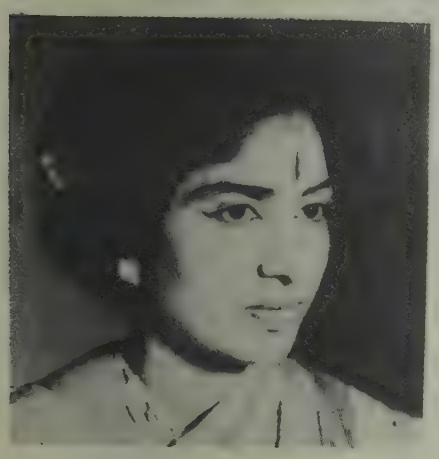
Yummy Rex Jelly... watch it disappear right before your eyes!

Everybody's all-time favourite...

Rex Jelly
In 6 delightful flavours

OBM 4634

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Jayalakshmi Indrajith, Tamil Nadu.

EGG MASALA DOSA

- 4 eggs
- ½ kg green gram dal
- 4 big size onions, chopped
- 4 tomatoes medium size, chopped
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 pod garlic
- 20 grams ginger
- 20 green chillis
- Salt to taste
- Oil

Soak the dal for one and a quarter hour. Wash and drain. Add all the ingredients except eggs and oil. Grind nicely with salt, and keep aside. Add sufficient water to the ground paste and mix well. Beat the four eggs and mix with the above dough. Heat a tava. Put ladlespoonful of this mixture on the tava. Spread evenly. Drop teaspoonful of oil around the edges. Roast till brown on either side.

Mrs. Sindhu Susan, Trichur.

FISH IN SAUCE

- 12 pieces semi fried fish
- 3 onions, sliced
- 1 lemon
- 7 tbsps. tomato sauce
- 6 red chillis
- 1 pod garlic
- 1" piece ginger
- 6 peppercorns
- 3 tbsps. butter
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 tsp. pepper powder
- 3 cups milk
- Salt to taste

Grind the red chillis, garlic, ginger and pepper into a fine paste. Keep aside. Blend the flour with butter, pepper, salt and milk. Cook on slow fire till thick. Lightly fry the onions, strain and keep aside. Fry the ground paste and allow to cool. Add lime juice, white sauce and tomato sauce. Grease an ovenproof dish. Spread half of the fried onions and pour the sauce mixture over. Place the fish pieces over and garnish with the remaining fried onions. Bake in a moderate oven for forty five minutes. Serve hot.

Mrs. Poonam Jain, Moscow.

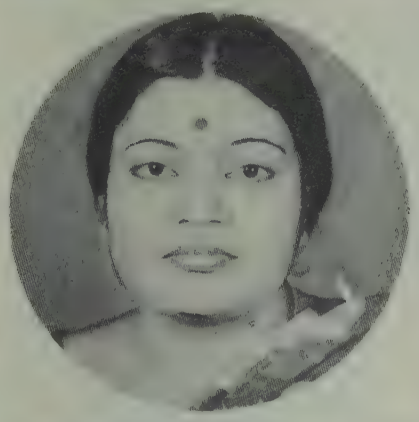
STRAWBERRY DELIGHT

- 250 grams vanilla ice-cream
- 2 cups milk
- 3 eggs, separated
- 2 packets gelatine or ½ packet strawberry jelly
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tbsp. custard powder
- 8-10 fresh strawberries
- 5 tbsps. sugar
- A bowl, 18 cms in diameter
- A few glazed cherries for decoration

Blend ice-cream and strawberries together. Beat yolks and sugar together till creamy. Heat one and half cups of milk. Dissolve custard powder in remaining half cup milk and mix in the hot milk. Keep stirring and cook till thick. Cool. Beat egg whites till stiff and gradually fold the jelly or gelatine mixture. Continue beating till well mixed. Beat together ice-cream-strawberry mixture, custard and egg yolks. Lastly fold in the egg whites. Fill this into required mould and refrigerate for four hours. Unmould when required and decorate with glazed cherries.

WEEKLY WINNER

INDIRA MADHAVAN, Bombay.



Mrs. Madhavan wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

EGG OMELETTE CURRY

- 3 eggs
- 2 to 3 onions
- 5 to 6 green chillis
- 1 tsp. pepper powder
- 1 to 2 tsps. oil
- Salt to taste

FOR THE GRAVY :

- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- 1 small piece ginger
- 1½ tsps. turmeric powder
- 2 to 3 tomatoes
- 2 big onions
- 2 tbsps. oil

Beat the eggs till frothy. Put in the chopped onions and chillis. Season with salt and pepper. Blend well. Make a large omelette out of this mixture. Roll and cut into four. Keep aside. Grind all the ingredients for the gravy along with tomatoes. Fry this ground paste in oil till brown. Add two cups of water and boil for five minutes. Add the omelette pieces and cook covered for five minutes. Serve hot.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contests

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

May, 1980
MANGO MARVELS

June, 1980
RAINY DAY SNACKS

July, 1980
SNACKS FOR ELEVENSES

All entries for May should reach us latest by April 5, June entries by May 5, and July entries by June 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

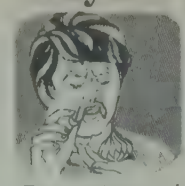
Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

RANBAXY'S GARLIC PEARLS

A few facts you should know.

Garlic has been well-known from earliest times for its medicinal properties. Medical authorities have accepted the value of garlic in correcting various health problems. Garlic can be taken raw or cooked or in capsule form. But to derive the maximum medicinal benefits from garlic, it should be taken in the most effective way.

Why not raw Garlic?



Raw garlic cloves have to be chewed before the extract acts inside the body. But when chewed, they leave an unpleasant smell. When swallowed, they are difficult to digest. And the extraction is incomplete.

Why not cooked Garlic?

On cooking, the effective medicinal properties of garlic are lost.

Why RANBAXY'S GARLIC PEARLS ?

Ranbaxy Laboratories, a trusted name with the medical profession, now gives you all the benefits of raw garlic—without the smell. Ranbaxy's Garlic Pearls contain the pure extract of raw garlic in easy-to-digest, soft gelatin capsules—the most effective way of deriving the medicinal properties of garlic.

RANBAXY'S GARLIC PEARLS

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- **Reduce high cholesterol levels.**
- **Help ease disabling joint pains.**
- **Prevent and control recurring coughs and colds.**

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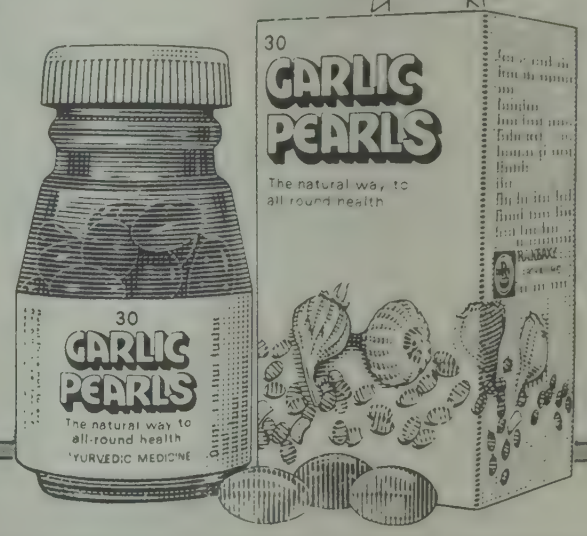
Take two pearls twice daily regularly.



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PEOPLE KNOWN AND UNKNOWN

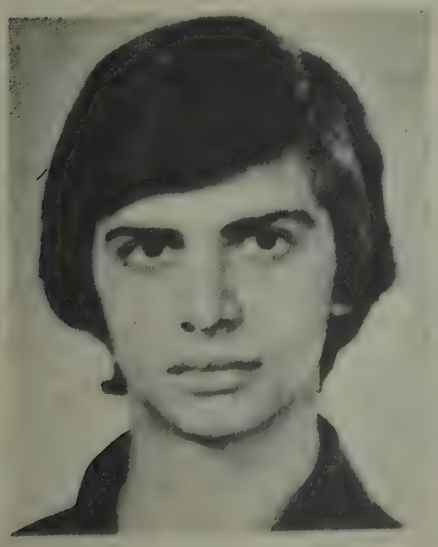
The Hindus have their upanayana, the Parsis their navjote and the Jews their bar mitzvah. Basically, all three are initiation or coming of age ceremonies for the young and special prayers are held to ensure that they become worthy members of the community. Recently, a young man who celebrated his coming-of-age did not belong to any of these three religions. Japan's **Prince Hiro** turned 20 the other day, and therefore participated in an exotic 8th century ceremony called "kakan no gi" (hat rites). Hiro, wearing a magnificent yellow robe, knelt down as his simple silk hat was replaced with an ornate "embi no ei" (swallowtail ribbons). This symbolized his transition from a minor to manhood. What made the occasion even more auspicious was the presence of his 78-year-old grandfather, Emperor Hirohito, for no other Japanese emperor has lived long enough to see his grandson switch hats.

Although young prince Hiro is a great respector of traditions, he also enjoys a good swallow of sake (Japanese rice wine) and bellowing folk songs with his classmates in Tokyo's co-ed Gakushuin University. Time really flies. Seems it was just the other day when one heard of the romance between Prince Hiro's parents, Crown Prince Akihito and socialite Michiko Shoda.

* * *

Even before Delhi had recovered from the shock of the brutal murders of Sanjay and Gita Chopra two years ago, another sadistic crime has rocked the capital. This time **Gautam Jaisinghani,** the only son of a wealthy businessman, was kidnapped, stabbed four times, strangled, and then buried alive. The police, who found the body by accident two weeks after the murder, were shocked to find that Gautam's hands had been tied behind his back before he was buried, so that he couldn't escape. Mud in his ears, mouth and nostrils, and his feet sticking out of the shallow grave indicated that he had struggled horribly before dying of asphyxiation. Although the Delhi police keep claiming that they have several clues, and the offer of a hefty reward for information about the culprits, the murder is still a gruesome mystery.

Meanwhile, the agitated and fearful people of Delhi are wondering why anyone would want to kill the handsome, well-behaved 19-year-old science student from St. Stephen's College, in such a sadistic fashion.



* * *

Even as the capital was digesting the latest murder, **Dr. Jain** has appealed that his life sentence should be reviewed. For those with short memories, Dr. Jain was an eminent eye surgeon of Delhi, who had even been conferred a Padma Shree. He developed an illicit liaison with Chandresh Sharma, and together, they decided to get rid of Mrs. Jain. Accordingly, two killers were hired and Mrs. Jain was knifed to death. Dr. Jain's request for remission of sentence is based on his claim that since he is such an eminent doctor, his services to humanity would be better utilised outside the jail!

Although she is only 28, shipping heiress **Christina Onassis** has already ploughed through three marriages, the last being the most unexpected, to Soviet Shipping official, Sergei Kauzov. For a while Christina tried living in an austere apartment in Moscow, but soon gave it up (and the husband) as a bad mistake. Recently, the Western press alleged that Sergei was a KGB agent planted by the Soviet government to get their hands on Christina's vast assets. "Nonsense," bristled the recently divorced heiress. "Do you suppose we talked about oil in bed together?" The 18-month marriage reportedly ended in an amicable divorce in Switzerland with Sergei getting a ship and Christina keeping the cocker spaniel he had given her as a present.

* * *

It took a hard fight for feminists in the U.S.A. to get themselves admitted to the Armed Forces of the country. Then came reports that promotions were often withheld unless the women agreed to sleep with their bosses

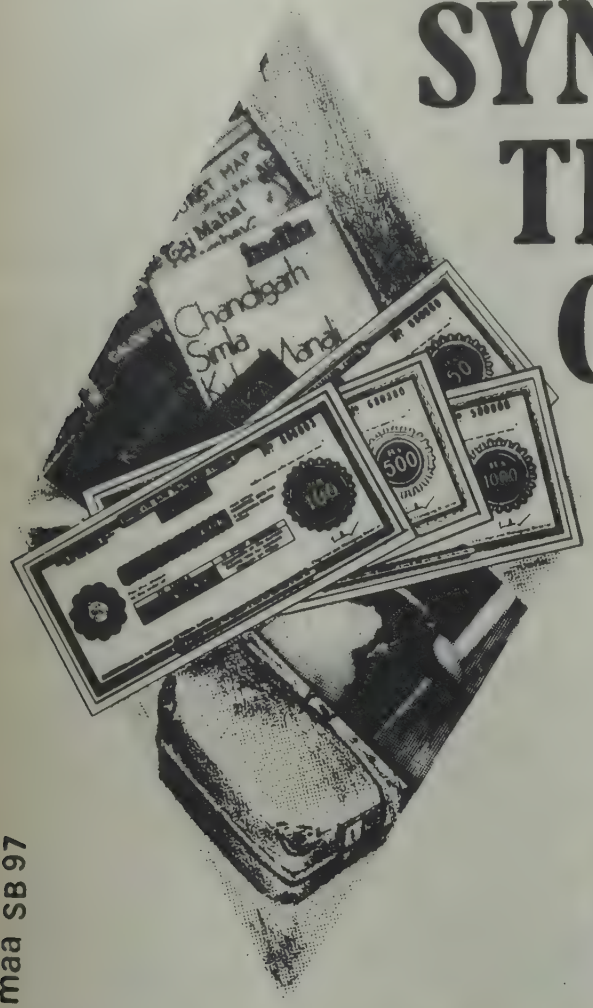
or at least allowed themselves to be sexually harassed. By the time that controversy ended, President Carter introduced another: he proposed draft for women also in case the country went to war. It received a 50:50 response from the people, but was eventually shot down by the Senate. To add fuel to the fire, came the news that **Sergeant Bambi Lin Finney,** 22, has been kicked out of the Armed Forces because she posed in the altogether for Playboy magazine. When asked if a male would be treated just as toughly if he appeared showing his advantages in a female porno mag, the Army spokesman was quick to affirm, "Yessir. We're not sexist."

UNKNOWN

Holi is increasingly becoming better known for its vandalism. One victim who paid dearly on this festival day in Bombay this year was Anant Bhigaji Sawant, who was surrounded by a gang of drunks who splashed his face with liquid tar. It required bathing with many applications of kerosene before the tar could be removed. It was a painful process which removed bits of skin from all over his face. It is hoped that new skin will grow on the face of this disfigured young man, for he does not come from the class of society which can afford plastic surgery.

Lakshmi Narayan

Wise travel plan starts with SYNDICATE BANK TRAVELLERS CHEQUES



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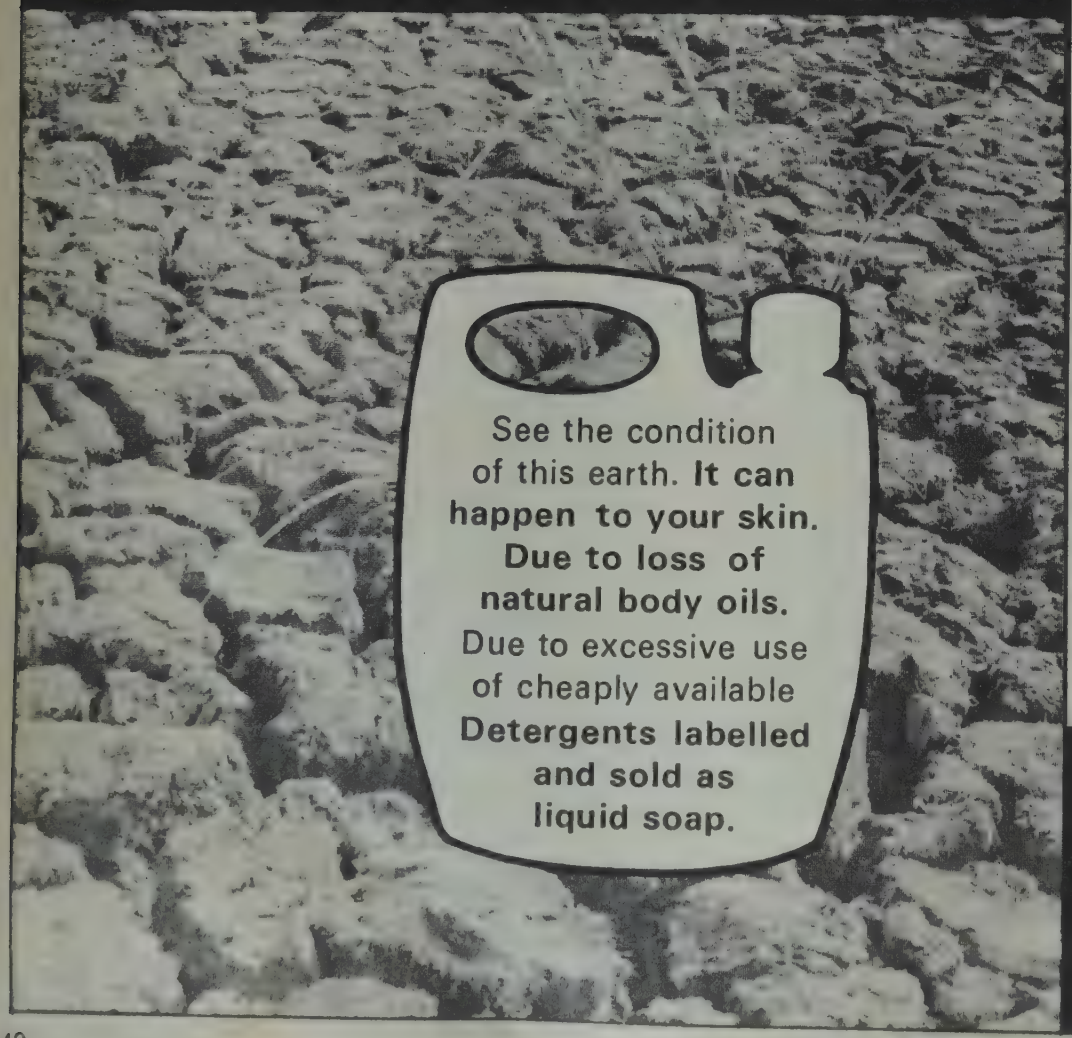
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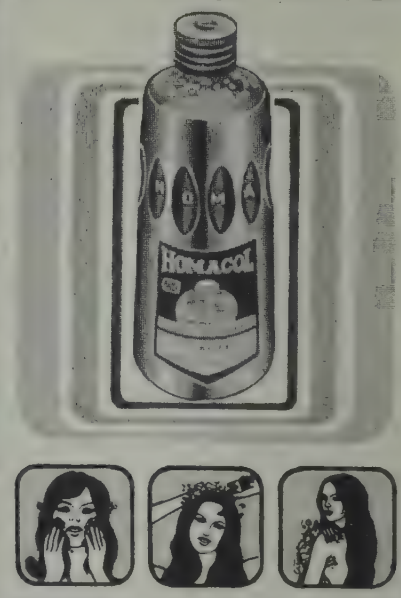

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A LEAF FROM A HOUSEWIFE'S DIARY

Uma Prem Kumar

The dappled shadows on the verandah kept lengthening all the way across the lawns, as dusk began to descend on the Air Force Mess, bringing with it a nip in the air. The young, eager officers froze into attention as they chanced upon us, seated in the lawns, then resumed their banter, a safe distance away, to the bar. A whole world of youth seemed to emerge and then dissipate with them, as they made their entry and exist from the lawns. The bearer stood by impassively, waiting to put down the plates of snacks and the bottles of beer. I felt a sudden twinge of inexplicable gloom stab at the very core of my being.

"What do you do in the evenings, Mrs. Kumar?" asked Major Kapoor again, over his glass of beer, mildly curious. I felt the old feeling of uselessness returning, the "blues" so familiar to the "has-beens". I could now understand how a country cousin — with babies tugging at arms— feels when fate throws her into the company of her more gifted, urbane kinsfolk.

"Did I tell you about my sister-in-law?" Kapoor asked with a flourish, "She is such a treat. She is American, mind you, but the whole time she is here, she won't let my mother into the kitchen. She sacks all the servants, does everything herself — cooking, cleaning, serving — everything! And for the entire crowd, mind you!"

Here Kapoor paused for effect, with the perfect timing of a show biz man. "And do you know, she helps my brother in his real estate business? She does all the market research for him. . . She has a Ph.D. in Business Management."

I counted patiently up to five, to be fair, decided enough was enough, however sterling her qualities. Through the corner of my eyes I could already discern the "hear that" expression on my husband's face which I so detest (I am positive other wives do, too), and decided to go catty.

"Is she pretty too?" I enquired, hoping to detract somewhat from this indefatigable lady of such varied and proven talents. "Oh yes, she is very beautiful, no question about that," the young man answered absently, as though it was the most natural thing to expect under the circumstances. My poor husband sat there, discomfited by his catty wife with all-the-time-in-the-world, who could not manage with an occasional mother-in-law and two kids — two sweet kids at that.

"You have not yet told me what you do with your time," persisted Kapoor.

It was then that the protective side to my husband's personality came to the fore. "Why, she writes, of course," he answered glibly, avoiding my eyes, "But now with the kids, she is not able to do much."

Now, when my husband decides to go protective, there is no stopping him. He goes all the way.

"Oh, really, I did not know you were a writer." So saying, Kapoor's hitherto unseeing eyes began to ooze admiration all over — for the husband who had made it all possible.

"You should write more, Mrs. Kumar," Kapoor observed, a touch of reproach in his voice. I already felt ancient, thinking of that last printed article of three years ago.

"That's what I keep telling her, but she won't listen." The voice sounded hurt, came from far away. Time, it seemed, had slowly ground to a halt.

Then, all of a sudden, without warning, my husband sprang up, raring to go, offering the kind of excuses that embarrassed hen-pecked husbands offer at the behest of their domineering wives. Only I knew of late he had come to dread the kids' tantrums in public, and he had see the two coming. He had brought off a quick exit rather smartly, but only after he had guillotined me as a horrible nag.

This point assumes significance in this narrative because it was at this point that I made the decision of my life — that I would henceforth, from this very minute, make a total, clean break with all that had gone before, and turn a new leaf. I would be different, I would be interesting, I would attempt offbeat things, if only because they were off-beat.

What follows is a leaf from my diary. But if you proceed with the pre-conceived notion that it is the diary of a bored suburban wife and her torrid afternoon affairs, you will soon be in for disappointment. Nor is it the tale of the grand passion of the prima donna, and her wild swings on the manic depressive curve. And it is certainly not the afternoon jottings on the finer details of the Begum in ruins, amidst the brambles and the mildew. Oh no, it is a random page from the average happenings in an average person's diary — dull, tiring and tedious. Read on, if you have the patience.

6 A.M. An early rise from bed, with the birds and the bees, a song in my heart, a head in the clouds. Like the proverbial "Astavadhani" of yore, I attempt eight different things at the same time. No pen, no paper, but no matter. Decide to pull a couple of sheets from my "work-study" trained husband's neat file. There will be hell to pay later. He will sure enough expatiate on my "lack of method". But the truly creative spirit brooks no shackles. I spread out the sheets on the dining table, proceed to get breakfast and lunch ready at one stroke.

7 A.M. Husband off to the unit and safely out of the way. All quiet on the domestic front.

7.07 A.M. A blood curdling yell from the younger brat (who is all of eighteen months); wakes up Reshma too.

Have to cuddle two sleepy, weepy children, with equal enthusiasm, no more, no less, balance them precariously all the way down the stairs. I certainly don't want an inferiority complex, or hidden feelings of insecurity, or a psychiatrist's couch for my children. I am very firm on that. Not for nothing have I ingested all of Dr. Spock's writings.

8.30 A.M. At breakfast time I coax an idli down Reshma's throat with ease — with comparative ease that is. At three-and-a-half, she already shows signs of self-pity.

Harsha is of an entirely different type altogether. Belongs to the rare species which does not take kindly to the bottle. I invoke the spirits of Sardarjis and assorted bogeys, to no avail. Put cereal, fruit and milk into the grinder with a vengeance, come up with a weird concoction. "Make it tasty," advises Reshu, while her brother thrashes about, making guttural sounds. I, the brave mother, lock his arms, limbs and torso, granny style, feed spoon upon spoon, minute after painful minute. But when it comes out, the way it had all gone in, it comes out just like that — in a flash. I thrash the little fellow, then make up when he gives me that lovely improving smile through tears and curls. "Take it easy," I say to myself, mother will surely not like it.

9.30 P.M. Concentration seems so difficult, so elusive. Face it I must. I can no longer dole out intelligently contrived articles. Lighter stuff will have to be my forte now. And peace and quiet. These I buy with chicklets and loud Vividh Bharati music. The trouble really begins when they want the same song over and over again, and the radio won't oblige. I shut off the damned thing, bathe the kids, dress them up (shades of the proud, if despairing mama), send them out to play.

10.30 A.M. The scenario is gay once again. Heady visions of the headlines. All till two dirty urchins are marched in by a neighbour with accusing eyes. I feel sore all over. No, this won't do for creative writing, I reflect, and open the windows to let some air in. The part-time help steps in, chooses this very moment to call me "Aunty"

Continued on page 51

IRISH COFFEE

Continued from page 21

up to my room that night when he came to drop me home and indulged him with a cup of Irish coffee.

Irish coffee thus became the password and the excuse for Arun's frequent visits after that night. Often he would come to fetch me when I wanted to visit Edna and coax me into making some coffee before we left.

He would sit on his favourite stool and tell me about the pedigreed ancestors of Badshah, his Alsatian, the Army that he longed to join and serve and, most of all, about Sunita, the girl he loved. She was away with her stern Brigadier father in Jhansi at the moment and his heartbreak story was almost like a stale Mills and Boons romance. I would often dole out advice like a great aunt, and then turn indifferent the next minute.

Arun used to drop in at odd hours after squash, after college, after dinner. He came when I and the percolator least expected him, but his sudden appearances and disappearances became one thing I looked forward to after going through evening after evening of brown paper covered exercise books with dull essays on geography and history. His sheer vitality, youth and carefree life brought in some much needed sunshine into my life.

Often he would prance in because Sunita had written to him an eight-page epistle declaring her love, or Badshah had stood first at the dog show. At other times he would depress himself thinking about the insecurities of the future, the hazards of Army life or his uncertain love affair.

Sunita's parents were orthodox Hindus and would not dream of a Christian son-in-law. They had liked Arun enough to let their daughter date him when they were in Calcutta, but they were also staunch believers, unlike Sunita and Arun, of the maxim: out of sight, out of mind. And this was what caused all the trouble.

Distance made Arun's heart grow fonder and jubilant, depressed and pessimistic by turns and I became the confidant, the solver of problems and lent him my shoulders quite willingly from time to time to weep upon.

"I feel awful," he declared one day as he flopped on the stool.

"Want coffee?" I asked.

"Yes, please," he answered.

And while I bustled around fixing him the usual cup, he went into a long soliloquy on love and life and war. I murmured automatic agreement and set the water boiling. When he left that evening he clasped my hands on a sudden impulse, and calling me a jolly good fellow, pecked me on the cheek. I don't know why, but I thought about him for half that night.

Then one day, when Handlebars decided to go to U.K. to thrash things out with the holding company, Edna came to me urgently and begged me to spend that month with her. She complained of loneliness and I succumbed and moved in. I do not think her husband enjoyed the idea, but Arun was thrilled.

It was my summer vacation, so most times I lounged around in Edna's house, went shopping with her, learnt to cook Hawaiian chicken and wear a new hairstyle, accompanied Badshah and his master on their daily evening walks. Edna entertained sometimes, and I would help her. We often polished the silver ourselves and fixed up exotic menus and had the guests guessing at what they were being fed. And once they had departed, Arun would look at me pleadingly and I would give in and make him his cup of Irish coffee.

I never dreamt that I would have to quit Calcutta so abruptly. Edna, as usual, began dozing after dinner that night and longed to get to bed. Arun and I were having a heated argument about the ethics of war. Edna was not interested and yawned loudly and stretched herself and then decided to go to bed. I too went to my room after some time, leaving Arun to switch off the lights and fan.

I was too tired to brush my teeth. It had been a long, sultry day and I was awfully sleepy suddenly. I fell into bed and must have gone to sleep immediately, because I did not hear the door creak open. Then when I felt a hand on my cheek, I suddenly woke up. Now what did Edna want, I thought, irritated at being woken up when I was sleeping so soundly. But it was Arun standing silhouetted against the corridor light. He motioned me into silence and sat on the bed.

"What on earth do you want now?" I asked annoyed, "have we not had enough of war and coffee?"

"Yes, we have," he replied, "but I've only come to tell you that it's all over."

"What's all over?"

"All that nonsense between Sunita and me. I knew that it wouldn't work out and I've decided it has gone on long enough."

"Why?"

"Because..." and then without warning he took me into his arms and crushed his lips on mine savagely. His body against mine was urgent and seeking as he pulled me closer to himself. It was almost after a lifetime, or so it seemed to me then, that someone held me in his arms like this. I felt weak, and trembled as my body responded. He was awkward at first, almost shy, but I had not quite forgotten the game.

Next morning, I visualised the future. There could only be trouble and heart-break. A widow at thirty-one is vulnerable, I realised, and Irish coffee could lead to more dangerous pleasures. I left Calcutta inside a week without any farewells. It was safer thus.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT LOVE

Love is the wisdom of the fool and the folly of the wise.

(Samuel Johnson)

Love is a power too strong to be overcome by anything but flight.

(Cervantes)

He who comes to do good knocks at the gates; he who loves finds the door open.

(Rabindranath Tagore)

The real value of love is the increased general vitality it produces.

(Paul Valery)

Love sought is good but given unsought is better.

(Shakespeare)

When the heart is a-fire, sparks will fly out of the mouth.

(Weiss)

The tragedy of love is indifference.

(Somerset Maugham)

Let the man who does not wish to be idle fall in love.

(Ovid)

Love is a beggar who still begs when one has given him everything.

(Rochepedre)

In love, somehow, a man's heart is always either exceeding the speed limit, or getting parked in the wrong place.

(Helen Rowland)

Love is the selfishness of two persons.

(La Salle)

Lovers should paddle their own canoes
And keep away from heady brews.

(Wilson Mizner)

When affection only speaks
Truth is not always there.

(Thomas Middleton)

A lewd bachelor makes a jealous husband.

(Anon)

Lord! I wonder what fool it is who first invented kissing.

(Swift)

All the legislation in the world will not abolish kissing.

(Elinor Glyn)

Compiled by **George T. Fegrado**

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should your shampoo be synthetic?

Naturelle

HERBAL SHAMPOOS

No color, scent or detergents in Naturelle
so pure — gentle — nourishing — really

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ORANGE BLOSSOM FOR OILY HAIR

Lifts off grease and dirt without disturbing the hair's delicate protective film of natural oils.

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ROSEMARY FOR DANDRUFF

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ALOE VERA FOR UNDERNOURISHED HAIR

Its protein-rich lather stimulates hair growth and restores a natural sheen to dull, lifeless hair.

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Natural is beautiful

Get Rich

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The Syrian Christians of Kerala
Though they are ardent churchgoers, the Syrian Christians are more Hindu than Christian in custom and tradition. A profile of this unique community.

Now And Then
Featuring Vijay Merchant and Sunil Gavaskar–the second of our series on great sportsmen.

Who Wants to Grow Thorns?
There is more to cacti than mere thorns.
A colour feature.

Horse Power
A short story by Milon Mukhopadhyay.

Plus other regular features.

MIRROR

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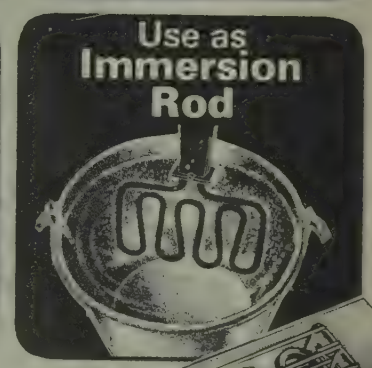

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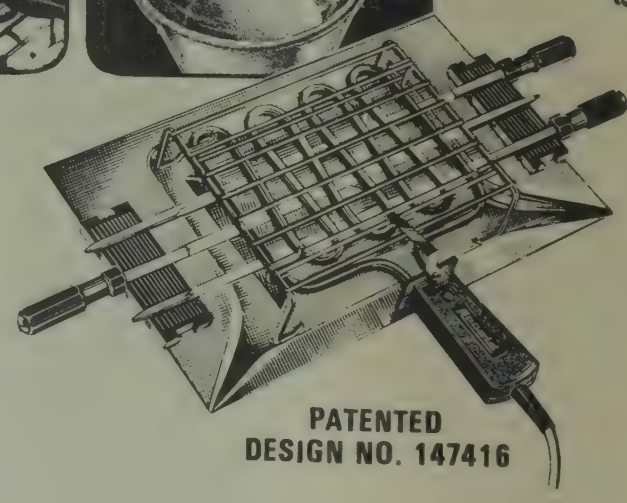

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

BINA SANGHI

A TALENT FOR BUSINESS

A combination of beauty and brains, that is Bina Sanghi. Born into a business family and married to an engineer-industrialist, business runs in her blood, as it were.

After graduating from Lady Irwin College, Delhi, she did a course in Business Management at the Delhi Women's Polytechnic. This provided the basic foundation for her career. Her father's business — film distribution — did not give her much scope as there were too many restrictions, and her parents did not approve of her being associated with the film line. It was only after marriage and children, that she seriously settled down to a career in exports. Her in-laws and her husband encouraged her and she is greatly indebted to them.

"I wanted to do something creative, I just could not imagine myself stagnating in the house," she says.

She spent three years in Malaysia handling her husband's business transactions and it was there that she acquired knowledge of the world market and gained valuable experience in the export trade.

From '77 onwards, she began to operate with Bombay as base. Her main item of export at present is wooden tilings, or Parquet Wooden Flooring as it is popularly known. This decorative flooring made from Indian teak or oriental hardwood is elegant and long-lasting.

The great demand overseas, especially in the United States, far exceeded the supply, and this prevented entrance into the local market years ago. Now with the expansion of her trade, Bina is introducing her product into the local market and proposes to start a mass-scale advertising campaign soon.

Besides these tiles, Bina also exports a wide assortment of bicycle valves, screws etc. to South-East Asia. She also manages the accounts section while her husband manages the technical side of their family business (Sah & Sanghi). Did she face any characteristic problems as a woman?

"Initially, people around were averse to the idea of taking orders from a woman, but now they have got used to it. They have realised that I am capable," she says.

However, being a woman she does have to cope with a few restrictions, though she has not let anything hamper her work. When she has to supervise some shipment she has to be at the docks at odd hours. In the beginning, her employees insisted that the place was not right for her, but her firm convictions have now dispelled all their doubts. Bina feels that it is extremely important to check the packing of all the export items and she prefers to supervise this personally.

While she is intensely involved with her career, she has not allowed it to invade her home life. She prefers to be in the office in the mornings only, so that she can devote the rest of the day to her children. She has three of them — all school-going.

"This export business is very demanding. Sometimes some problem arises and I have to hurry down to the office from home," she says.

About her future plans? "I will of course try to expand my business," she concludes optimistically.

Aruna Mallya

MIRA BALASUBRAMANIAM

AN IMPRESSIVE FIRST

Mira Balasubramaniam is the first woman in India to become an Income Tax Commissioner. "Efficiency, hard work and integrity got her to the top," remarked a friend.

Surprisingly enough, Mrs. Balasubramaniam had no formal education. "I had to study privately throughout, because my father had a transferrable job which took him all over India. He hated to part with his children and put them in a boarding school and felt that with parental supervision and good tutors we would sail through." After graduating with Honours in Bengali, and standing second in the University as a private student, she did her Masters in Economics from Calcutta University.

Mira's choice of a career was dictated by her wish to strike out in a different direction. She sat for the Indian Administrative and Allied Services Examination, passed it, and joined the Income Tax Department as a Class I officer in 1955. "There were hardly four or five women Income Tax officers in the whole of India at that time, and I was the first Bengali girl to be so appointed," said Mira.

The work was interesting, and called for administrative ability. As an Income Tax officer Mira had to make assessments, look after the collection of taxes and, being a woman, she saw to it that the women who came for guidance, got it in a proper way. It was not all routine, because occasionally, she had the onerous task of conducting raids on the residences and business premises of tax-dodgers.

Mira's ability and integrity got her promoted to Assistant Commissioner of Income Tax in 1968. Again, she was among the first few women to hold this post.

This year, Mira Balasubramaniam was promoted to Commissioner of Income Tax. This elevated post means the added responsibility of seeing to the smooth running of the whole department, apart from which, there are several judicial and appellate functions which have to be exercised in accordance with the provisions of the statute. The rank is equivalent to that of a Joint Secretary of the Government of India.

Mira has another interest — literature. She has already published two novels and numerous short stories. She writes both in Bengali and English and her English short stories have been published in many Indian journals. She said that her novels centred around the various facets and problems of middle class families today.

"It is because I come from the same kind of background that I write about it. It does not do for a writer to be unrealistic or inaccurate because that affects the authenticity of the characters."

Mira Balasubramaniam has successfully combined a happy marriage with a career and has fulfilled her literary ambitions as well. Now, on deputation from the Government of India she is the Financial Adviser of the National Insurance Co. Ltd., a public undertaking, and will go back to the parent department when this deputation expires.

Tapati Mookerji

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RISHI KAPOOR : A CHANGED LIFESTYLE

Jyothi Venkatesh

Whether his marriage to Neetu Singh has affected Chintu as far as his career in films is concerned remains to be seen, as the fate of the only film starring him, "Aap Ke Diwane", which has been released, is not known at the time of going to press. However, marriage has certainly changed Chintu's life style. No longer is he fooling around on the sets with his heroines like in the past.

The day I landed at the R.K. Studios where he was shooting for his "jigri dost" Jeetendra's own Muslim social, "Deedar-E-Yaar", with Tina Munim, to my surprise I found Tina sitting all alone with her hair-dresser in a corner of the sets, while Chintu had closetted himself with Jeetendra in his air-conditioned make-up room upstairs till the next shot was ready.

Chintu has mellowed a lot. When I entered his make-up room, I found him dressed soberly in white pyjama and kurta whereas Jeetendra was wearing multi-coloured clothes. And, unlike in the past, Chintu's errand men were not hovering around him. After his second shift, Chintu makes a bee-line for the R.K. cottage, where his new bride, Neetu, awaits him at the dining table.

As Chintu had told me before his marriage, he and Neetu intend staying with his parents until their new flat is ready. Moreover, he wants Neetu to get acclimatised to the Kapoor household and serve as a dutiful bahu of his family. Neetu has no idea of staging a come-back in films, because she has no inclination at all to resume that career. She has had enough of it, having been at it right from the age of six when she made her bow in films with AVM's "Do Kaliyan."

Chintu doesn't think his marriage will spoil his image. He cites the example of his own father Raj Kapoor and Ashok Kumar to drive home his point. "They were hailed as the romantic heroes of their decade even though the audience knew that both were married. Marriage has nothing to do with the careers of the male stars. It is only females whose careers often go awry after marriage."

In the case of the Kapoor females the question is irrelevant, because none of them is permitted a film career. So, if rumours about Chintu's youngest brother Chimpu and Padmini Kolhapure are true, I wouldn't be surprised if Padmini too is asked to cut short her promising career and be content with being a Kapoor bahu.

After marriage Chintu has also become wiser professionally. He has started working in two shifts unlike in the past when he used to allot an entire day to one producer. "When I was doing one shift a day," he commented, "I often had to cool my heels waiting for even a supporting character artiste because, thanks to the multi-shift pattern, he had to report at half a dozen other sets before he could come to the set where I was working. So I decided to take two films per day."

According to Chintu, it is not talent that wins the prize roles in the film industry, but star status. "There is no dearth of talent in the industry today, but everyone wants to play safe and sign up only established stars. There was a time when I had wanted to prove myself as an actor and didn't bother about being a star, but I found that nobody was taking me seriously. So I decided to play the game the way the industry wanted it."

Though Chintu does have some good films in his bag, like Subhash Ghai's "Karz", Nasir Hussain's "Zamane Ko Dikhana Hain" and Raj Kapoor's "Prem Rog", he has also signed for quite a few grossly commercial extravaganzas like Manmohan Desai's "Naseeb" and Bhappi Sonie's "Bade Dilwala".

Defending the entertainment oriented commercial film, Chintu asserts that the basic motive of a film is to entertain the audience. "To make films the way they are made by Manmohan Desai is also therefore an art," he claimed. "I have no reservations about accepting the kind of frivolous roles I did in his 'Amar Akbar Anthony' or for that matter the one I am doing in his 'Naseeb' now. One survives in this industry only if one's films turn out to be super-duper hits. To hell with credibility."

And of course Chintu also nurses the ambition to be a director.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

TRUE CONFESSION

WHY SHOULDN'T THERE BE TRIAL MARRIAGES ?

There are some men who never grow up. My husband was one of them, perpetually clinging to me, not in a physical sense, as little children cling to their mothers, but in psychologically. I was his slave. I did not try to analyse his feelings when we first got married. I did not know him very well at that time. In an arranged marriage, there are so many things one has to take for granted. The capacity of a man to earn is one of them. True, he had an education, even a well paid job, when my parents proposed his name to me. He was even reasonably handsome, so it mattered little to them what his emotional shortcomings were.

Or maybe, like me, they didn't know of them. After all, how much can one gauge at a single meeting? Isn't this the only thing permitted in a traditional arranged marriage?

At least, it was like that in my day. Today, the betrothed pair is permitted to go out to a movie or a restaurant by themselves. But ideally, I feel a man and a woman should enjoy togetherness for a year at least, to test their compatibility in all spheres — emotional, psychological, even sexual. People may think my views blasphemous, but they wouldn't blame me once they have heard my story.

In the first few weeks of our marriage, I found his behaviour strange. He wouldn't let me out of his sight. This odd behaviour amused my friends, because they would constantly tease me about it, in a friendly, bantering way. "He loves you so much," said my friend Gina to me one day, "he can't bear you out of his sight." To me, it wasn't funny. I had been reared from chilhood in a free atmosphere, attending college, spending evenings with my books or browsing in record shops.

He could not understand this yearning of mine for independence. One day, after I had gone out in the morning to get my hair done and see an architect about a job I had applied for, he seemed most upset. In the evening, he asked me. "Where were you this morning?"

I told him blithely, not imagining he would react as he did.

"I rang up and nobody picked up the phone," he said. "I thought maybe you were in the bathroom. But what you tell me amazes me. I forbid you to go wandering by yourself."

I stared at him. "Am I prisoner here?" I asked.

"After all," I went on, "what harm is there in a morning's innocent outing?"

His face grew red and his eyes became like stones. Suddenly I was afraid I had married the wrong kind of man. The one thing I can't stand is a bully. I realise now that this is the normal attribute of almost every Indian male. Used to being the centre of attention, they have grown to despise women and belittle their achievements. Analysing it closely, one can see that it is a symptom not of strength but of weakness. They are afraid their position will be usurped.

"You are not taking up any job," he said. "I want you to be here when I get home." Like a child, I thought, wanting to see its mother when it came back from school. There was in the petulant scowl and the stubborn chin, something very reminiscent of a child.

I got a sudden jolt at this infantile insistence on my presence. I was not going to tolerate it, but I did not want to fight out-

right. I would show him by my action that I wouldn't brook his dictatorial manner.

As I laid out the dinner, he put his hand on my shoulder. Once again, like a child, he had forgotten his recent outburst, taken it for granted that I had fallen in with his wishes. But I was made differently. I cannot forget a harsh tone easily. I thought about it for hours and I burned with anger and it affected both my attitude and my action. It even found its way into my physical responses to his overtures.

He did not sense it, maybe. He was not very astute, again the trait of a very small child, who can interpret only actions and not thoughts. Because I didn't resist his love making, he thought I was all right. But the truth was, I had hated it. I turned away from him and stared out of the window, listening to his gentle snoring. I couldn't sleep till late into the night. "Oh God!" I thought to myself. "I have made the most grievous mistake of my life. I have married the wrong man, an incompatible man!"

Later in the night, I woke up and went out to the balcony and was surprised to find my cheeks wet with unconscious tears. Maybe I had cried in my sleep. But now, reflecting over it. I decided I would not brook his dictatorial attitude. The next morning he was almost pathetic in his smugness, giving the cheery grin of a victorious schoolboy who has won a battle with his adversary. Yes, that his how he viewed me — not as a companion but as an opponent who must be bullied and subdued.

Marriage became thereafter a perpetual emotional battle ground, at least for me. For him it was different. Our tiffs he viewed as a part of normal married life — a process by which the wife learnt her place in life. Like a child that has a tantrum and forgets it in the reward of a sweet, he would emerge from his anger in moments, smug and unruffled, suggesting a movie or bringing me the surprise gift of a saree to show he had forgotten.

But how could I forget? The day the letter came, asking me to take up the appointment in the architect's office, he hid it from me and later phoned to the General Manager that I was unable to accept the job. I waited for days, then grew depressed. Still, he didn't tell me. One day, on an impulse, I phoned the General Manager of the firm and found out what my husband had done. I was furious. They informed me that the job had gone to somebody else.

That evening, when my husband came

from office he saw from my face that I had found out. But it didn't take too much astuteness to fathom it, seeing that I had smashed an expensive vase and hurled a couple of chairs upside down in a frenzy of emotion. His only reaction was laughter.

"So upset about a little job, are you?" he asked. I didn't look at him. "See what I've brought you," he said fondly. "Do you like it?" He flaunted an expensive saree.

"Look Meena, the only reason I don't want you to work is because the world is a ruthless place. There are all kinds of men, trying to take advantage of young women. I wouldn't want you to be in that position."

Ideally I feel that a man and a woman should enjoy togetherness for a year at least, to test their compatibility in all spheres — emotional, psychological, sexual. People may think my views blasphemous, but they wouldn't blame me once they have heard my story

"I hate you!" I cried. "I hate all men. You don't want me to work because you are afraid I may get a better job than you."

"You? Get a better job?" he said, astonished that I had even dared to mention such a possibility.

Then, talking as if to a wayward child, "Meena, please," he said. "Try to understand. If I were a poorly paid clerk, drawing a meagre salary, I would have been forced to make you earn a living, too. But don't you see, we don't need the money you. . ."

"Don't talk to me. . ."

"I mean why wear yourself out for something we don't need? I earn enough by the grace of God. . . and. . ."

"For heaven's sake, why can't you understand?" I shouted. "It is not a question of needing the money. It is just the need for me to get out and do something, instead of sitting around here in a terrible vacuum of unfulfilment."

"Who is asking you not to do anything?" he countered. "By all means do something. Entertain your women friends to coffee parties in the morning, embroider something, knit me a pull-over, re-do the decor of the hall, try out a new recipe, but for heavens' sake drop the idea of slogging from morning to evening in an office for a measely four hundred rupees."

I didn't talk to him. At night, I didn't let him touch me when he made overtures towards a truce in the only way he knew. The next morning too I was cold and distant. I didn't speak a word at breakfast.

"Meena," he said.

"What?" I asked brusquely.

"Smile," he said.

"Must you dictate even my facial arrangement?" I asked angry. "I will not smile. Go to hell!"

"Very well," he said. "Don't smile. But the way you're tensing up your forehead muscles, will give you, not only a headache by evening, but wrinkles before you're thirty."

He picked up his briefcase and walked out.

The instant he had gone, I put in a long distance call to my mother. When she picked up the phone, I burst into tears. The outburst had been very near the surface for days, but I had just not allowed myself to let go.

"What is it?" she asked alarmed. "What's wrong, Meena darling?"

"It's Gopi!" I said and cried some more.

"Oh God! has he had an accident?"

"No. He's an incorrigible egoist. Like a child! He wants me to wait on him hand and foot all the time. Do nothing else."

"That's what a wife is for, dear," she said.

"I just can't stand him, mother. He acts tough, but it is his weakness . . . He's a bully, but that's because he is a clinging child. . . He forgets his anger easily, but he's the most infuriating person I have ever met."

"I don't understand a word, Meena," she said. "Your tirade is full of contradictions, but what I gather from your remarks is that you two have just had a tiff."

"Tiff!" I cried. "It's the end. I'm leaving him. . . Just now."

"Meena, please. . ." she began horrified.

"Don't interrupt, mother. I'm on my way. I will find a job and earn a living. You've given me an education, haven't you? So why not make use of it?"

I didn't let her speak, just rang off.

I was packing my clothes into a suitcase when I heard the door-bell ring. Thinking it was the maid-servant, I opened the door. It was Gopi. I stared at him.

"Surprised?" he asked. He pretended not to see the suitcase laid out on the bed. He came in and went into the bathroom.

"I came early," he said. "Wasn't feeling too well. . ."

"What's wrong now?" I asked.

"A fretful wife," he said.

"I don't. . .."

"Your mother rang me up in the office a little while back. She said you were leaving me."

"I. . ." I couldn't go on. In the heat of the moment I had blurted out a lot of things to my mother, now with my anger spent, I didn't know what to do.

He took from his pocket an air ticket and put it in my hand.

"I've come to drive you to the airport," he said. "Your plane leaves in two hours."

I was flabbergasted. But not to be outdone, I packed the last of my clothes and snapped my suitcase shut. He wanted to carry it downstairs for me, but I snatched the suitcase away from him. "I can carry that myself," I said.

All the way to the taxi, I sat grim and silent. I was a woman leaving her husband forever. It was an odd feeling. I had not thought a complete break would feel like this.

(Continued on page 55)

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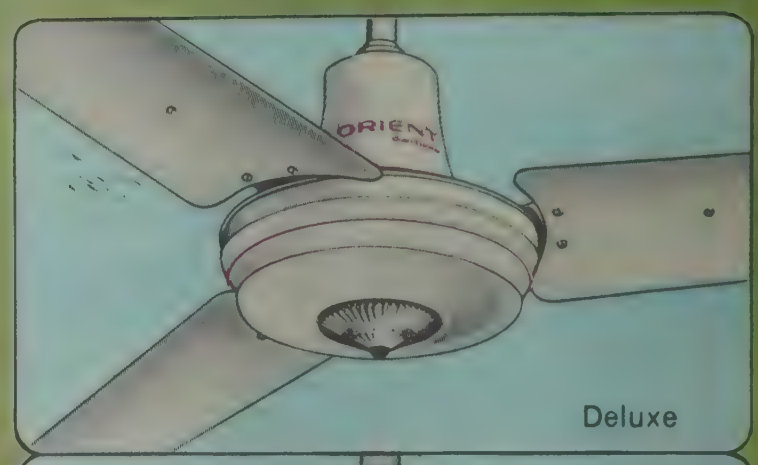

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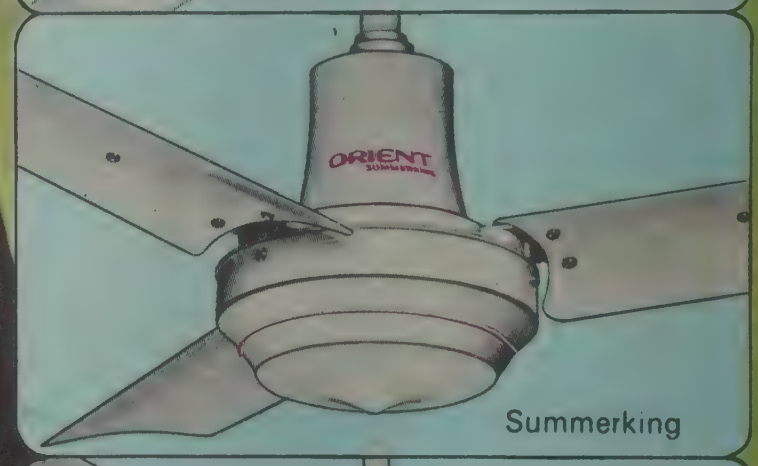

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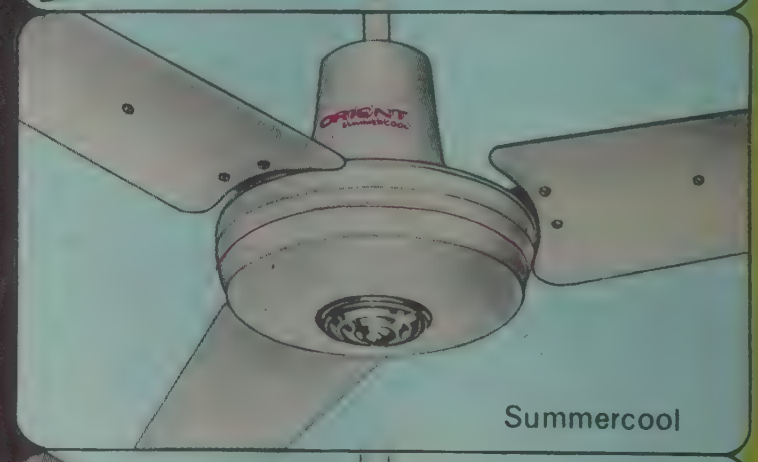

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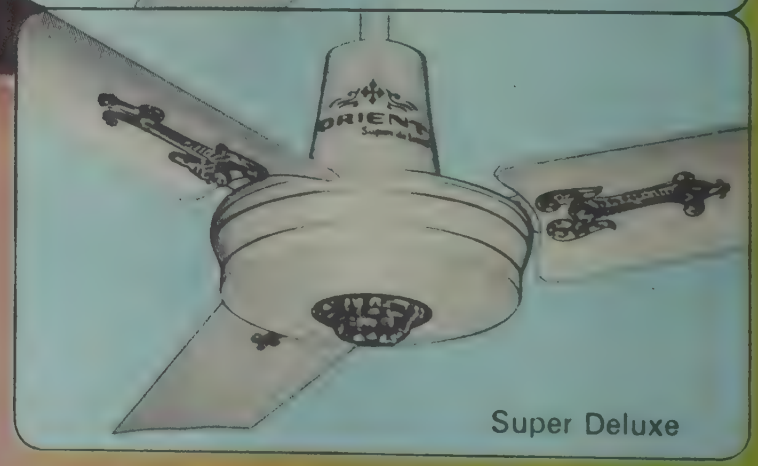

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A LEAF FROM A HOUSEWIFE'S DIARY

Continued from page 41

sends me into predictable fits of rage.

"Dirtying in the mud pool is all right for our poor kids from the deprived classes," says she, "but must a saheb's children do the same? It is so un-saheb like. You have all the time in the world to keep them clean, and you won't."

11.30 A.M. At that fateful moment, I make a decision. This servant simply must go. If an American can do it, so can I. After all, I am a soldier's wife. The thought of "Indian womanhood" in an American package is too much to take. Anyway, a successful writer who is also a "total woman," an ideal wife/mother, a chic, impeccable housekeeper, makes better copy (with male readers especially).

12 A.M. I put down two dirty packages of soiled clothes under the tap and settle down to wash them. At last the whole lot is finished and ready to dry. My dear, noble children, such darlings, carry the clothes, one by one, one by one, to the clothes-line. And to think that I had been so heartless, so cruel! Suddenly, I get an uneasy feeling. Something must be wrong somewhere. Rush out. Find the clothes, all in one heap, in the muddy pool, with Reshu applying the "neel" while her obedient brother, in knee-deep water, is doing the necessary swishing.

1.30 P.M. How I did bring them inside, washed them, fed them and put them to bed, I can't honestly remember. I already feel like a martyr, crucified between the two of them on a narrow Army cot, just the way they want it, while three other cots lying in a row are empty. Reshu insists on a brand new story about a pink cat to go to sleep, while Harsha drives a scooter up and down, up and down, faster and faster.....

2.30 P.M. I wake with a start from my cat nap. Rush into the kitchen. Turn things topsy-turvy. The Lord and Master arrives on time, notes with satisfaction that his darling kids are asleep, dear as lambs. "See there, so much time for you, if only you care to utilise it the way Kapoor's bhabhi does," he observes. I glare at him. Don't even deign to give a reply.

3.10 P.M. Serve lunch. Husband looks suspiciously, this way and that, at the dal. "Why? Don't you like it?" I ask.

"It's not that. If it is yesterday's dal from the fridge," he says, "might as well finish it now, when it's fresh," and laughs at his own joke. I laugh with him good-humouredly. I have to, to preserve my sanity. His eyes are glued to an ever-chic-woman-of-the-world in a women's magazine.

Suddenly there is an awkward silence. He feels the need to say something. To save the situation. On instant inspiration he says, "Why don't you write for the cookery page? I mean honestly, you are such a good cook. And so many lesser women (he winces visibly saying this) get away with prizes." "Yes, I will," I say. "I will write many things more, only I am biding my time."

4 P.M. The husband prepares for the siesta. But not before he has told me in most endearing terms that the weather has turned lovely after a long, long time, and old friends from the 26 Squadron have invited themselves to tea. How about some hot pakoras like they make in the club every day? A fellow is entitled to home-pakoras once in a while, isn't he? I settle down, too weary in mind and limbs to argue, to onions, chillis and ginger, while he slumbers on peacefully — the man who had so sweetly promised to look after the kids while I wrote in the afternoons.

P.S. The children woke up as if on cue, shouted, romped, brought the roof down. My husband slept through it all, woke up when it was all over, darted a meaningful glance at the pile of papers on the table. Brightened visibly when I told him I was writing about him and his progeny. The friends arrived on time, had tea. As I cleared away the plates, a happy spouse said to his partner, "Make the dinner light, okay, then we will go to the Mess and have booze." And the obliging wife said "Yes."

P.S. to P.S. This diary was written some years ago. Had to end where it began. The children are somewhat bigger, and are growing still.

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A GUIDE TO ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Krishna Basrur

With rampant inflation devouring one's income as fast as it is earned, more and more housewives are forced to take up part time or full time employment to supplement the family income. In such circumstances, household appliances like mixers, cookers, ovens, and refrigerators cease to be luxuries and simply become time saving and labour saving devices for the working woman. Unfortunately, inflation, shortages of various kinds and high taxation have raised prices to a point where any mistake in choosing an appliance becomes a major disaster, especially if the purchase price has been borrowed. It is therefore essential for the housewife to guard against expensive mistakes and to exercise great caution in deciding which is the most suitable appliance for her needs.

The Indian housewife is at a great disadvantage when it comes to selecting consumer durables. In countries where there is an advanced consumer movement, consumers can buy attractive consumer magazines which carry test reports on the various appliances in the market, comparing their quality, performance and safety objectively through scientific tests. Such magazines also point out the "best buy" in terms of quality and price.

In Vienna, Austria, I saw a consumer centre where all types of consumer products are exhibited and the consumer organisation which runs the centre advises visitors on the best buy for their needs. Such advice again is based on objective testing. Consumer organisations in India are not yet in a position to do this kind of extensive and regular testing as their membership is minimal, and their budgets of the shoestring variety. Unless there is a genuine consumer awakening in this country and consumers join such organisations in large numbers to support their activities, the present position will continue, for testing is a tricky, complicated and very expensive undertaking.

How then does the Indian housewife choose an appliance? Generally her choice is determined by one or more of the following factors:

Advertising: Advertisements rarely give the correct information about the products — prices, energy consumption, etc. If you go by the ads, every product advertised is the best.

Some ads offer tempting free gifts which may appeal irresistibly to certain consumers but are hardly going to be a consolation when they find themselves trudging to the repairs centre every now and then. Advertisements are useful for getting to know the range of appliances available in the markets but are not a sound basis for making a final choice.

The salesman's know-how: There are salesmen and salesmen! One may recommend the brand on which he gets the highest commission, while another may spend hours finding a reliable and trouble free appliance for you. If you are lucky enough to know the latter type, ask his advice by all means.

Your own judgement: Lacking objective information as you do, you may tend to be influenced by elegant looks or a low price, but these will not help if you cannot get the damn thing serviced efficiently when it breaks down.

The brand name: Reputed brand names generally get established over a long period during which consumer confidence in the product has been steadily built up and people have repeatedly bought the product and found it satisfactory. Opting for an established brand name is a method which will serve you well provided you also make sure that the servicing is fast and efficient.

Shopping around: This is an important factor in choosing a household appliance. Only consumers experience can tell you whether an appliance is convenient to use, tough enough to stand up to regular wear and tear, safe in operation, and quickly and efficiently serviced. If

you find six or seven people praising a particular appliance your choice becomes easier. The advice of engineer friends may also prove useful.

A judicious consideration of all the above factors would be the best strategy. Never buy an appliance in a hurry. Once you have decided on the model and brand you wish to buy, it is a good idea to compare prices in different shopping areas as these vary substantially from area to area even for the same model of the same brand. This writer once saved Rs. 14 on a wall clock priced at Rs. 114 by comparing prices at Colaba and Crawford Market in Bombay.

YOUR RIGHT TO SAFETY: All electrical appliances can be hazardous if manufactured or used carelessly. The safety angle assumes special importance in view of the Industrial Policy Resolution of the Government of India which reserves production of household electric appliances for the small scale sector. The organised sector is not permitted to expand its production. Some of the big names in electrical appliances are today only marketing the products of the small scale sector under their own brand name after subjecting the appliances to quality control testing. That such testing is not at all as rigorous as it should be is proved by the uneven and erratic performance of many of the appliances in the market today.

The point is that the consumer should not be made to suffer because of the continuing experimentation in economic policy on the part of the government. If the Government wishes to promote small scale industry, it should provide small-scale manufacturers with testing and other facilities for essential quality control. As long as the quality of the products is uniformly above reproach, the consumer would have no complaints and the Government could follow whatever policy it deems best for the country.

To protect the consumer and insure that the appliances in the market are safe, the Government introduced the Household Electrical Appliances (Quality Control) Order, 1976, which became operative only in January 1978 after two postponements.

The order states, "No person shall himself or by any person in his behalf manufacture or store for sales, sell or distribute any household electrical appliance which does not conform to the specified standard." The specified standard is the ISI STANDARD for the 41 products listed in the Schedule.

Enforcement of the order is the responsibility of the Directorates of Industries in the various states, but implementation is on a very low key — so low that many doubt if the order is being implemented at all. Delays in implementation are ascribed by officers of ISI and the Industries Directorate to insufficient staff and inadequate testing facilities. A grant for increasing these has been requested. ISI's new testing laboratory at Marol will not be ready for another year, Government offers 75 per cent of the cost of a laboratory as an outright grant to any manufacturer willing to set up a laboratory on a cooperative basis, but there have been no takers so far. According to officers of the ISI and the Directorate of Industries in Bombay, the emphasis at present is on education, persuasion of manufacturers and retailers rather than on punitive measures. Manufacturers are asked to produce the test certificates from testing laboratories proving that their products meet ISI specifications. If they are unable to do this they are asked to obtain certificates from the Small Industries Service Institute at Saki Naka in Bombay.

Dealers in electrical appliances are advised to ask for test certificates before accepting goods from manufacturers.

For the present therefore the Household Electrical Appliances (Quality Control) Order exists, like many other consumer protection laws, on paper only and is not enforceable because of inadequate preparation. Logically, additional staff should have been sanctioned, appointed and trained, and testing facilities set up in the two years before the Order became operative in January, 1978, so that the enforcing agency could have moved smoothly into operation the moment the order became law. In actual fact however, we find that in 1980, two years after the order became operative, the enforcement agencies are still not able to implement the orders. Is it any wonder that manufacturers have the impression that the order need not be taken seriously, while consumers have been lulled into a false sense of security by the order and all the publicity it has been given?

Meanwhile, the market abounds in cheap, shoddy goods which under the law should have been subject to legal penalties. While the small scale sector is being tenderly nursed by the government, and the organised sector which would produce goods of the requisite standard is forced to kick its heels, no one spares a thought for the risks and losses incurred by the poor consumer, the inevitable guinea pig for economic and ideological experimentation.

Why should consumers stand for this? They have a right to demand that appliances which do not meet safety standards are removed forthwith from the market in accordance with the law. No manufacturer has the right to put on the market appliances which do not come upto the established safety standards if he is unwilling or unable to meet these standards. Let him turn to the manufacture of other products which do not involve risk to the user. There should be no compromise on consumer safety.

With little more than lip service being paid to the cause of consumer safety, how can the housewife best protect herself and her family? She can do so by refusing to buy any appliance which does not bear either a long established and reputed brand name or an ISI Certificate mark as a third party guarantee.

These two will be the best guarantee in the present circumstances that the appliance she buys has been tested and passed for safety and standard performance by a private or a statutory institution with testing facilities adequate for the purpose, though even these tests need to be stricter. In addition, an ISI mark is a guarantee to the consumer that the Indian Standards Institution will take the responsibility for getting the appliance replaced if it has manufacturing defects.

Pronounced consumer resistance to household appliances which do not carry the ISI mark of certification will be a potent factor in convincing new manufacturers that they must set high standards of safety and performance for their products in a field where risk to the life of the user is ever present.

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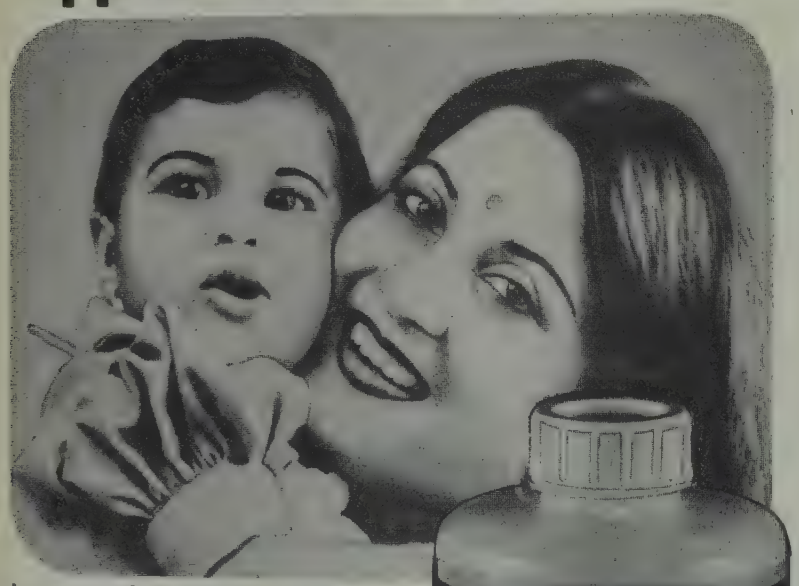

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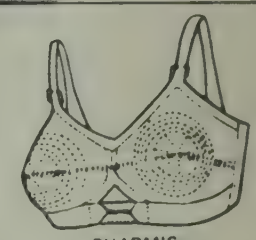
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WHY SHOULDN'T THERE BE TRIAL MARRIAGES?

Continued from Page 49

A lump rose in my throat but I didn't cry. I was the epitome of emancipated womanhood, going out into the world on my own. I would show him a woman could stay alone, I thought. Just what did he fancy himself to be? Male chauvinist pig! Overgrown infant, wanting me to mother him constantly!

I hate him, I said to myself. I hate him, but as I saw him standing there in his grey checked suit with that impossible strained smile, my heart beat faster and my step faltered. But I didn't give in. I walked across the runway to the waiting aircraft without a backward glance. Once inside I buried myself in a newspaper I had already read. I didn't want to look out of the window lest I see him standing there.

Mother was at the airport to receive me when I reached my destination. I flung myself into her arms and cried. Later at home, my sister and kid brother tried to cheer me up with some kind of mimicry they had learnt at school. But my mind wasn't on the entertainment. At lunch, I couldn't eat a morsel.

"What's wrong with Didi?" asked my brother.

"I think she's going to have a baby," my sister hazarded. "Women always behave like that, when they're pregnant."

My mother smiled and said, "I think she's missing Gopi."

"No, I'm not!" I burst out. "I don't want to see him again. And ever mention his name!"

I could not get a wink of sleep at night, but somehow got through it. Father said at breakfast next day, "Meena, there is a vacancy here for an interior decorator. Want to apply."

He named the firm. I gave an evasive reply. I didn't know what I wanted. The boredom was terrible. The whole day I loitered and browsed through books at the familiar book-shops, but there was no charm in it. I went home dejected.

My pace quickened when I glimpsed a familiar suitcase in the hall. I went in quickly. He was standing with his back to me, talking to mother. "Gopi!" I said smiling. He turned, and then something inexplicable happened. I rushed into his arms. It happened in moments, before I could consciously reason it out.

I went balk with him of course, and the whole family had a laugh about our fall-out. That is why I said at he beginning that a man and a woman should ideally enjoy togetherness for year before they decide to marry. It not only tests their compatibility in all spheres — emotional, psychological and sexual — but it stops young couples like us from making fools of themselves!

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

THE DRAGON, THE FROG AND PRAKASH MEHRA

The dragon, which originated in China, is a favourite of filmwallas. Not a real one, but the ones in plaster of Paris. It is used in every dream sequence. From Raj Kapoor to Mehboob to the Mukerjis to Pravin Nischol, they are all obsessed with a dragon spitting fire and the heroine dancing around it. On the "Jaan Se Pyara" set, Navin Nischol decided to celebrate his birthday. A busful of press folk was carried to Filmistan studios, as the cake icing, I suppose. I did not go, instead I went to the cocktails and dinner held later at Sea Rock hotel. There I heard all about the dragon around which Reena Roy danced with a wig and blue contact lenses. The birthday cake was dragon shaped too. The dinner had Navin, Pravin, their mama, co-producer and co-host Santosh Mahesh, and some woman who looked very much at home, but was not introduced to anyone. She must be Navin's current woman. By now I was quite sick of the dragon story when Pravin chose to show me colour transparencies of it. The dragon and the press are not my glass of tea. I requested mama Nischol to send me a box of laddoos and left.

From the dragon to a frog was an easy jump. Aarti Gupta, you must have seen her in Sunsilk shampoo and Johnson's bandaid ads. told me the story of Prakash Mehra's S.A. International production, directed by Sushil Malik. It has Deepak Parashar and five girls, ranging from unknown names like Aarti Gupta to Anita Khorana (she is Jadgish Raj, the screen Inspector's daughter). Tutor Asha Chandra is also one of the girls. The story is a fantasy about a prince, a frog, etc. Aarti, I thhought, would be the frog in disguise, but she was not sure. At the get-together, Prakash chose to get high and only spoke aobut his war with Parveen Babi, court case, etc. "These stars should be taught a lesson, but we are not united," said Prakash, while Sriram Bohra and Ram Dayal of the Film Council listened in silence.

"My tiffs with stars are always lone battles," I told Prakash, "till finally the star applauds my lone battle and decides to be on my side."

I suppose this, like the rest of film battles, will end in a group photo of (L. to R.) Prakash Mehra, Babi, Ram Dayal, Bohra, Satyen Chowdhury and Jeetendra (remember "Jyoti Bane Jwala" that is progressing faster than "Jwalamukhi").

There is another Anita on the scene, model Anita Reddy. Deepak Parashar is supposed to be engaged to her. So he says or so he believes.

As a punishment for my sin of bringing in humour and sensibility to Prakash's cries of "Revenge, court case, Babi was a beggar, she begged for the role," etc. Prakash did not give me his car or arrange a taxi for me (at 1.30 p.m. Juhu-Vile Parle). Aarti offered to drop me back in town, but I got off at Bandra as she lives there and cabbed back in peace.

At least my cabman discussed international politics. "Mecca ka kya hoga? Wo to Allah ka ghar hai," he said. I mean, he was at least ambitious, worrying about God and His accommodation. A more exciting topic than Babi, Prakash's 40-lakh court case, or the dragon and the frog.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The All-India Handicrafts Board, in collaboration with Shilpi Kendra Handicrafts Emporium organised a product promotion programme on handicrafts of Jawad, Madhya Pradesh, at its premises recently. On display were hand-printed textiles, lacquerware, leather toys, items in soft stone and paper mache and embroidered items.

The main aim of the programme is to identify the lesser known crafts and to promote their sales through leading marketing agencies and to help the artisans to carry their own product for sale, display and demonstration.

* * *

The Indo-American Society held its annual K. V. Satyamurthy Elocution Competition at its premises recently. Over 30 young participants spoke on varied topics ranging from Poverty to Democracy to the Future of Bombay.

The judges were Mr. Shafi Thanawala, Mr. Girish Chitalia, Mr. Ashok Kaji and Mr. K. V. Satyamurthy, donor of the Rotating Trophy. The Rotating Trophy and the first prize was awarded to Miss Sanober Tata. Miss Nitya Ramnath received the second prize, and the third prize was won by Miss Hema Bhushanam.

* * *

At a function organised by the India Book House Education Trust, at the Taj Mahal Hotel, His Grace the Most Reverend Simon Pimenta, the Archbishop of Bombay, released the book "Jesus Christ" in their Amar Chitra Katha series.

* * *

The Armed Forces Flag Day Committee organised the prize distribution function of the "ANA Queen Contest" at the Taj Mahal Hotel. Homai Irani won the "ANA Queen" title; the runners-up were Christine Tan and Sangeeta Chandra.

Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, who was the chief guest on the occasion, gave away the prizes. He lauded the activities of the Committee for the welfare of the Jawans and their families.

CALCUTTA

An exhibition of ancient historical documents was inaugurated by Mr. Shambhu Ghosh, Minister for Higher Education, at the Calcutta Information Centre. Most interesting was the two-hundred-year-old newspaper "Bengal Gazette" of the Calcutta General Advertisers', published by James Hickey in 1780. This was the first newspaper printed and published in India.

* * *

The University Women's Association of Calcutta in collaboration with the Indian Museum organised a seminar entitled "Calcutta: A Story in Brick and Stone" at the Asutosh Birth Centenary Hall. Dr. N. R. Roy, Curator, Victoria Memorial Hall, inaugurated the seminar. Professor Amiya Kumar Banerji, Head of the Department of Architecture, Jadavpore University, presided.

The theme was fascinating for the audience — visualizing how

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1. At the Award Nite function of The Maharashtra State Council of Youth Hostels Association held at Oberoi Towers, Bombay, are (from left) Mr. R. P. Anand, Dr. J. K. Somani, Lt. Col. Modak, Mr. Dilip Yardi, Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, Mrs. Perviz Dotivala, Mr. P. L. Kirloskar and Mrs. R. P. Driver.

2. Film star Waheeda Rehman inaugurated an exhibition of nighties and children's garments held by Mrs. Neera Mehra at the Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay. Others in the picture are (from left) Mrs. Mehra, Mrs. Bunny Reuben and Mrs. Krishna Singh.

3. A function was held by the Kalina Education Society, Bombay, to bid farewell to Mrs. Pratibha Ekbote, founder Principal, after 20 years of service. Picture shows (from left) Mrs. Ekbote at the mike, Dr. (Mrs.) Anjanabai Magar, the chief guest, Dr. S. S. Dixit, Mr. Hans Bhugra, Dr. P. K. Iyengar and Mr. Pitchuman.

the British colonial syndrome planned and executed buildings in old Calcutta, copying Greek and Roman architecture. The old Senate Hall, the Mint, the Museum, the High Court and the Victoria Memorial Hall were some examples cited by the speakers.

• • •

An exhibition of paintings by the well known artist M. F. Hussain depicting the various facets of Mother Teresa's work was opened at the Tata Centre. Mrs. F. Maynard, wife of the British Dy. High Commissioner in Calcutta, inaugurated the exhibition. Mr. Hussain said that his paintings were based on the eternal theme of mother and child. He had seen Mother Teresa's work in Calcutta and was so impressed by it that he had wanted to depict it in his own medium.

• • •

The Sahitya Akademi Award, 1979, was presented to the Bengali writer, Mahasweta Devi for her novel "Aranyer Adhikar" in Calcutta. Mr. Umashankar Joshi, President of the Akademi, presented the award and said he was happy that novels in the regional language were coming to the forefront because they dealt with topics of national interest. A poets' workshop in five Eastern languages was also inaugurated at the function.

MADRAS

The Madhurima Arts presented popular singers Jolly Abraham and Jency in a programme of film music at the Music Academy, in aid of the Blind School.

• • •

Mrs. Unnikrishan, wife of the Managing Director of Binny's, inaugurated the "Sari Bazar" at Hotel Taj Coromandal. She was the chief guest on the occasion. Finlay's, Jagdesh, Garden, Rags and Riches from Bangalore had put up their stalls.

CHANDIGARH

At a function held in Chandigarh, Indian Test Cricketeer Kapil Dev was honoured by Trading Engineers, Delhi, manufacturers of Lifelong oven-toaster-grill. Mr. M. M. Lal Jain, former secretary of the Haryana Cricket Association, was the chief guest on the occasion. Mr. Suniti Verma, Sales Executive of the firm, presented the oven-toaster-grill to Kapil Dev and announced an annual "Best Cricketeer of the Year Award" for players hailing from Chandigarh.

• • •

Mr. Satinder Singh Sandhu recently held a novel exhibition of flower arrangements at Chandigarh. On display were interesting compositions — in an attempt to popularise the need for blood donation. The idea was conceived by Mrs. Kanta Swaroop Kishan, Secretary of the Blood Bank Society, PGI, Chandigarh, where a symposium was being held by the World Health Organisation.

• • •

The Government College for Women organised a cultural programme and fashion show at its premises. Graceful Kamini Verma was outstanding among the models who participated in the fashion show.

The highlight of the evening was a Qawali programme.

4. At the presentation of National Diplomas in Public Relations conducted by the Institute of Public Relations and Management at the Hotel Chola, Madras, are (from left) Mr. Gyan Haksar, Founder-Chairman, I.P.R.M., Mr. Chitra Narayanswamy, Mr. E. C. P. Prabhakar, I.A.S., chief guest, Mrs. Lily Prabhakar, Mrs. Ammu Balachandran, a guest, Mr. Gopalkrishnan, and Mr. D. S. Dheenadayalu.

5. Film stars Rajendra Kumar and Asha Parekh inaugurated an exhibition of handicrafts held by Mrs. Veena Bhatia (centre), at Hotel Seble, Nasik.

6. Woman's World Beauty Parlour was recently opened in Jaipur.

7. Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi lights a lamp to inaugurate the multi-storeyed building and the Annual Conference of the All India Women's Conference in Delhi. Seen in the picture are (from left) Mrs. Nargis Raj Kumar, Dr. (Mrs.) K. Lakshmi Raghuramaiah, Dr. Shankaranand, Union Minister for Education and Social Welfare, Her Highness Begum Aga Khan, His Highness the Aga Khan, and Mrs, Sarojini Varadappan.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK May 4 — 10, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A rewarding twelvemonth, particularly till late August. You'll be travelling much more than usual, both long and short journeys, with several pleasure trips. Communication will benefit you, but try not to become too involved with people who are high-strung — or neurotic — towards the end of 1980. Gains will tend to be lasting, both in personal and business life — profitable new schemes, happy relationships, and old links prove most rewarding. Around the turn of the year, business and domestic interests may clash. Be tactful and plan your moves so as not to upset arrangements of people close to you. Romance will get a boost. Happy social activity, hospitality from friends.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

If a special plan you've been working on lately is stalled, it is only temporarily, so don't swim against the tide. This week, enjoy the many opportunities to get out and have fun, to make new friends. A good week for shopping, and there may be a surprise gift.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

A busy, if rather changeable week, but adjustments will favour you. New links will form and old ones be broken because people move away or are absent. You might hear from someone you lost touch with but the new and novel will be lucky.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

A phase when you can boost your cash prospects and benefit from influential people. Fresh areas of activity will bring rewards. Excellent for domestic affairs, favouring improvement in living conditions, involvement in local activities.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Contact with others will have a beneficial effect on your affairs. Communication, short-distance travel, correspondence, etc. will hold hidden benefits, as well as more obvious rewards. A happy time for love and the lighter side of life!

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

You will soon enter a peak period socially, when your popularity will soar! Mars moves out of your sign where it has probably got things moving along nicely for you. Rewards will come in for recent efforts.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Fiery stars give both business and personal life a boost between now and early July. Together with other fortunate factors prevailing, you have excellent prospects for the remainder of 1980. Go after what you want; make the most of friendly contacts.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Get off by yourself from time to time and consider your future and present plans. Long-term ambitions and finance are well starred. Major changes are on the way for you in the next year or two.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

You have to dance to others' tune and some could be very demanding! Whatever you take on, get the details clear, with no room for misunderstandings. Later this month, planetary trends improve and your affairs will prosper.

SAGITTARIUS

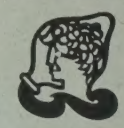
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Your restless nature leads you to running around in circles, getting into a muddle over the next several weeks. Sort out the priorities, streamline where you can. A fortunate trend in the affairs of your partner gives you support!

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

The stars help your hopes and ambitions. Yet there will be plenty of news, gossip and information that need to be carefully sifted. Your common sense will tell you which is valuable and which should be discarded!



AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Mars moves out of opposition to your sign and this ends a long-standing problem. A favourable accent on social life, romance, sporting activities, the affairs of youngsters. Domestic life will be happy.

PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Your tendency to say and do the wrong thing may offend a person important to you. Try not to be too outspoken or air grievances too often. Planets adversely aspecting your sign make for a hard working, expensive phase.

THE SECOND INCOME

Continued from page 17

The fact that he was an absolute MCP was evident when he added, "No matter how much a wife earns, she should never consider herself her husband's equal. Besides, the house and children get neglected."

THE GAME IS WORTH THE CANDLE

Though most working couples strongly felt that both husband and wife should have an equal share of the housework, there was no gainsaying the fact that ultimately the wife is not only held responsible but also feels accountable for good housekeeping.

A working wife's life is no bed of roses. Right from the moment she opens her eyes at dawn till she drops into bed at night, she has to grapple with innumerable problems — the scarcity of essential commodities, servant problems, children's homework — the list is endless.

Mrs. Mascarenhas cannot imagine life without this second income. "The very thought of giving up my job and sitting at home to look after the house makes me shudder. I can't imagine how I can live on my husband's salary alone, it would mean making several sacrifices. And I would suffer mentally and physically," she said. And yet, at times, when her three-year-old baby cries pathetically, "Don't go mummy," she wonders whether it is worth earning that extra income. She feels she is missing some of the delights of bringing up her baby. But can she help it?

Mrs. Vyavaharkar also felt that working has its disadvantages. "Just imagine, I have to get up early in the morning, 4.45 a.m. to be exact, finish my cooking, get dressed, and then rush for the 8.30 bus, in a state of tension which builds up as a result of this. But still, it's worth it," she told me. The respect which she earns from her husband is adequate compensation she feels. "A working wife feels her husband's equal in every way," she commented.

Certain couples told me that the house does get neglected to some extent with a working wife. Mrs. Tara Lall rejected this idea as misconceived and argued, "We in fact pay more attention to the house, since we feel the responsibility more. We are therefore more alert in looking after the house and children." Her impeccably kept house was enough to give any house-proud wife an inferiority complex!

Women have been reared as parasites over the centuries and it is only in recent years that they have dared to leave their homes to earn a second income for their household. They now enjoy it — the thrill of earning an income and the feel of financial independence. They have come to realise their potential. Almost all the wives insisted that they would NEVER give up their jobs, for they felt that the career wife, by virtue of her financial independence, is far better equipped to face the future with its uncertainties than her non-working counterparts.

Attaining economic independence is no mean achievement for women, for it paves the way to the self-confidence needed to tackle any problem single handed.

1980

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